

VOL. LXXXVI.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913.

NO. 50

STATE GRANGE AT READING.

Forty-first Annual Meeting of Body—Gain of Membership in 1913—4000.

One of the largest attended meetings of the Pennsylvania State Grange was held at Reading, the opening session being Wednesday of last week. The order made a healthy growth during 1913, the acquisition of members being 4000, making a total of fourth degree members of 60 000 in the state.

Better rural schools was the theme of a report made by the state lecturer, R. P. Kester. His work, which has taken him into every county of the state, has forced him to the conclusion that this would be the basic move in the betterment of rural conditions and solving the problem of why boys and girls leave the farm. He made special mention of the conditions in Tioga and Bradford counties, where by consolidating the schools and adding a high school the attendance has been increased and new interest created. The solution, in his opinion, is to educate the rank and file of the people when they are of school age rather than have a few educated leaders in order to have a higher class of citizenship.

G. D. Heath of Erie county, who is considered an authority on grange fire insurance, gave an interesting talk on the prevention of fire losses on the farm. In his experience he has found that lightning is responsible for most of the country fires, defective stovepipes stand second and lanterns and lights come third. Spontaneous combustion is eighth in his list of causes. Gasoline, now such a common commodity on the farm, he finds causes more funerals than fire, twenty deaths being reported in the United States each week from its improper use.

The resolution passed on the liquor question says in part:

"Religiously, booze stupefies the conscience, debauches the morals, makes a brute of him who was created in the image of the Creator, drags down and degrades manhood, besmirches and disgraces womanhood, ridicules and defiles the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

"Morally, rum weakens the intellect, makes liars and thieves of otherwise honorable beings; it starves children, emaciates helpless women and makes repulsive, bloated, besotted creatures of its patrons."

"Socially, the drink traffic makes a babbling idiot of its victim, causes men and women to do things and acts that the instinct of the common dog would refrain from; it disgraces the brightest of the sons and daughters and causes the premature gray hairs of the father and mother."

MILLHEIM HAS BIGGEST HOGS.

As a rule the heaviest hogs killed in Centre county are slaughtered in Millheim, and this fall does not make the exception. Landlord Shawver coming along with a hog weighing 593 pounds, and a second one balancing the scales to 528 pounds. There is a friendly rivalry among the producers of pork for home consumption in Millheim, and for many months the fatlings are visited by competitors, and judgment passed as to their weight with relation to the hogs in another pen.

In last week's issue of the Journal these figures are given to prove that Millheim people do raise the biggest hogs:

Isaac A. Shawver, landlord of the National hotel, takes the record in Millheim this year for raising the largest hogs. About a month ago Mr. Shawver killed three porkers, weighing 437, 447 and 456 pounds; on Tuesday he butchered two, the weights of which were 593 and 528. Others who killed large hogs in town were: F. O. Hosterman, two weighing 913; Mrs. Jane Roads, two weighing 898 pounds; L. E. Stover, two weighing 865 pounds; Mrs. Sarah Reifnyder, one weighing 408; E. H. Zimmerman, two weighing 800 pounds. A number other large hogs were slaughtered but the owners failed to weigh them.

Penn. Second in Forest Lands.

Pennsylvania's forest reserves will pass the 1,000,000 acre mark early in the new year. Contracts have just been made by the state forestry commission for purchase of three tracts, aggregating 8485 acres, and they are expected to be carried out in January.

When these parcels are added to the public domain, the state will have 1,002,547 acres in its reserves. The purchases of this year on which conveyance has been made have brought the total up to 994,092 acres actually owned.

The 8485 acres contracted for include 4569 in Potter county, 2539 in Lycoming county and 1377 in Clinton county. About a dozen of the largest forests in New York being the leader, with 1,650,000 acres. Pennsylvania ranks second. Thirty-four of the states are actively engaged in forestry work.

CHARLES A. DOEBLER KILLED.

Struck by Milk Train Near Renovo—Was a Former Resident of Rebersburg.

Charles A. Doebler, until a year ago a resident of Rebersburg, was instantly killed near Renovo by being struck by a milk train one evening just after dark. He was aged forty-two years, and is survived by a wife and six children.

Mr. Doebler was employed in the Renovo car shops, and lived at Shirltown. After eating his supper on the fatal evening, for some reason he walked east on the railroad track. The operator at MR tower saw him pass that point just as the train was passing, and not being able to see any one after the train had gone search was made. The body was found by the side of the track, and on examination it was found that the skull was crushed and every bone in the body broken.

To Our Patrons.

Elsewhere in this issue is an announcement stating that the subscription price of The Centre Reporter will be increased from the present rate of one dollar to one and one-half dollars per year. This rise in price is born of necessity. For a number of years the subscription price of the Reporter and other similar journals have been less than conditions warranted at any time, and under present conditions impossible to maintain. Every item of material that is purchased in the newspaper office has been climbing up in price during the past ten years, until today the average is more than fifty per cent. higher than when the present management assumed ownership of this paper in July, 1900. This condition makes the rise in price of the product of the newspaper office imperative. Every business to exist must make a profit to its owner. It is not only locally, but everywhere, in every state in the union, that the price of newspapers is advancing.

The new rate of subscription will go into effect February 1st, 1914. Previous to that time new subscriptions will be received and old ones renewed at the one dollar rate. After the date named above the new rate will be uniformly maintained.

LOCALS

John M. Reish of Millheim is employed in Altoona.

Candies, the good, wholesome kind—Kremer & Son, Centre Hall.

The China Hall store, M. I. Gardner proprietor, has one of the prettiest window displays in all Bellefonte.

Mrs. J. W. Whiteman and son John, last week, went to Tyrone and until Wednesday were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Decker. The ladies are sisters.

B. D. Brislin will spend the Christmas season with his daughters, Mrs. H. J. Hoon and Mrs. George Robertson, in Hartford, Connecticut. He has planned to leave Centre Hall on Friday.

With the wind blowing a gale the alarm of fire on Friday morning put action into a lot of limbs. Fortunately it was no more than a false alarm in the home of Mrs. Coldron, below the Centre Hall hotel.

The Schuquehanna Glee Club will give a concert in Millheim under the auspices of the Ladies Civic Club of that town this (Thursday) evening. A number of persons from this place expect to hear them.

Mrs. William Silver, who recently broke her hip bone, and Mrs. D. W. Bradford, who underwent a serious operation at the Bellefonte hospital, continue to improve. The latter is able to ride out through the country.

E. H. Zimmerman, the Millheim lumberman, purchased a twenty-four acre tract of timberland, situated one mile northeast of Madisonburg, from Uriah S. Shaffer, of Madisonburg. Clark Stover will move his mill, now located in the Millheim narrows, on the tract and saw the lumber for Mr. Zimmerman.

It is seldom that a butcher cuts himself, but the accident that befell Benjamin Gentzel is altogether excusable. He was cleaning the block of a sausage cutter, and while doing so one of the knives fell and struck his hand, cutting a deep gash. The accident occurred in Beck's Bellefonte butcher shop.

An invitation is extended for a more general use of the subscriber's column by our patrons. Letters from the North, South, East and West are appreciated by every reader. The patrons of a newspaper like the Reporter are like one great family, each one being made happy over the other's successes, sympathetic in his reverses, misfortunes and sorrows. The mere mention of a name, brings pleasant recollections, and oftentimes opens correspondence of a social or business character. Come, let us hear from you.

ANNOUNCEMENT

On and after February 1st, 1914, the subscription price of The Centre Reporter will be advanced from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per year.

Subscription paid in advance, at the time this notice goes into effect, will be continued until date of expiration without additional charge, but no renewal or no new subscription will be accepted after the first day of February, 1914, at a less rate than \$1.50.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

DEATHS.

Mrs. Lydia Zeigler died at her home near Zion early Friday morning, and on Tuesday the remains were interred at Centre Hall by the side of her husband, the late Henry Zeigler, the services having been conducted by Rev. A. F. Weaver, pastor of the Bellefonte United Evangelical church, of which denomination the deceased had been a member for many years. The pastor was assisted in the services by Rev. F. H. Foss, pastor of the local church of the same denomination.

Mrs. Zeigler had been in delicate health for a number of years, and some of the afflictions were due to her age which was seventy-eight years, eleven months, and twenty-one days. She was born in Berks county, but came to Centre county when but a few years old with her parents, Henry and Catharine Wolf. Her marriage to Mr. Zeigler, who died ten years ago, took place more than sixty years ago. There survive her seven of her nine children, all of whom attended the funeral, namely: Harvey M., Rock City, Illinois; Josiah T., Bellefonte; Nathaniel H., Spring Mills; Adam E., State College; Howard J., Sarah Elizabeth, and Catharine M., at home. Two sisters and a brother also survive: Mrs. Israel Yearick, Nittany; Mrs. Eveline Fell, Rebersburg; David Wolf, Monroe, Wisconsin.

Dr. Charles H. Gutelius died suddenly and unexpectedly at his boarding place at Millburg, aged about seventy-five years. He called Mr. Halfpenny, another boarder about 4:30 a. m., who called Mrs. Ruhl, the landlady, and sent for medical aid. Mrs. Ruhl gave him a spoonful of water and started to give the second spoonful when he expired. Dr. Gutelius was a veteran of the Civil war, Co. D, 150th Regiment, Pa. Volunteers, a Mason, a true christian, and highly respected citizen. Surviving him, beside an only daughter, Lizzie, of Denver, Colorado, is his sister, Miss Lydia Gutelius of Millburg.

Deceased was twice married; his first wife, Lydia Motz, died about thirty years ago. His second wife preceded him to eternity almost two years ago. Deceased began the practice of dentistry at Aaronburg about the year 1863, in partnership with Samuel G. Gutelius. After his marriage he located at Woodward, then at Denver, Colorado. He retired from practice about twenty years ago. Funeral services were held from the home of Miss Gutelius, at Millburg, on Saturday forenoon.

Another civil war veteran was called to rest when Edward L. Bergstresser, for many years a resident of Hubersburg, died at the age of seventy-nine years. There survive him a wife and three children: Mrs. L. H. McAuley of Hubersburg; Mrs. George Bright of Lucas, Ohio, and Charles Bergstresser of Altoona.

The deceased was a photographer and for many years did business on Grange Park during the Grange Encampment and Fair. Last week the death of William Zvarcos, who for many years traveled with Mr. Bergstresser, was announced.

Mr. Bergstresser was born in Boalsburg. Interment was made at Hubersburg.

Mrs. Rebecca Katharine, wife of Samuel Bennett, of Tyrone died at her home in that place Friday morning, aged about fifty-three years. She was born at Port Matilda, and was a daughter of the late John and Mary J. Woodring. She is survived by her husband, three sons and four daughters, together with two brothers and one sister.

George Bollinger, born in Ferguson township fifty-five years ago, died in Battle Creek, Michigan, and last

(Continued at foot of next column.)

BANQUET TO SECTION FOREMEN.

J. H. Smetzler, Retired Section Foreman, Gives Banquet to Foreman Companions.

With a view of keeping in touch with those actively connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, James H. Smetzler, who a few months ago was placed on the retired list, gave a banquet to the section foreman on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, all of whom responded except one. In addition to the foremen there were a few invited guests, namely, W. F. Miller, Lewisburg, superintendent and train master on the L. & T., his predecessor, F. C. Stoughton, Williamsport, now retired; J. H. Van Valzah, Esq., Lewisburg; W. Frank Bradford, station agent at Centre Hall, and the writer. The foremen who sat at the board besides Mr. Smetzler were: W. H. Winegardner, Lewisburg; Levi F. Derr, Millburg; J. W. Mark, Millmont; Calvin Osman, Glen Iron; Thomas H. Elsenhuth, Wikert; J. D. Mark, Colburn; James P. Osman, Spring Mills; A. S. Krebs, Centre Hall; John H. Weibly, Linden Hall; Samuel Weaver, Leimont; G. W. Sherry, Bellefonte.

The dinner served was the characteristic Old Fort Hotel dinner, at which hostelry the banquet was given. Every dish was appetizing, and there was a great variety. After all had eaten most heartily, Superintendent Miller made the speech of the day to the toast—"The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's care for its employees." His introductions were several anecdotes, and then he told of company's care of its employees, the appreciation of their services, its fair usage of men on the retired list; the loyalty of employees to the company and pointed out the possibilities of advancement. The next to respond was Attorney Van Valzah, who expressed for himself and his fellow banqueters their appreciation of their host's invitation to participate in the day's outing.

Christmas Services.

Aaronburg Lutheran Sunday School, Tuesday evening, December 23d.

Centre Hall, Reformed, Sunday evening, December 21st.

Spring Mills, Lutheran, Christmas eve.

Spring Mills, Reformed, Sunday evening, December 27th.

Aaronburg, Reformed, Christmas Eve.

Aaronburg, Lutheran, Tuesday evening, December 23.

Millheim, Reformed, Christmas morning, six o'clock.

Penn Hall, Reformed, Christmas night.

St. Paul's (Fiedler), Reformed, Christmas night.

St. Paul's (Fiedler), Lutheran, Christmas night.

Penn Hall, Lutheran, Christmas eve.

Rebersburg, Lutheran, Christmas eve.

Rebersburg, Reformed, Christmas evening.

Boalsburg, Reformed, Christmas eve.

Boalsburg, Lutheran, Christmas evening.

(Continued from previous column.)

week the remains were shipped east and the funeral held from the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Gates Bollinger, at Tappan. He was unmarried, and left the Bollinger household twenty years ago. Besides the mother three survive one brother, John Bollinger of Lock Haven, and three sisters, Misses Kate and Rebecca Bollinger and Mrs. William Denison, all at home.

Aaron D. Kleckner, a well known Sugar Valley resident, who conducted a saw mill on the John R. Thompson tract between Salona and Loganton for a number of years, died at his home near the mill after only a week's illness with acute brights disease, aged sixty-nine years. Deceased is survived by his wife, one son and one daughter.

Mrs. Sabina Campbell died at Shamokin, aged seventy-seven years, six months. Her maiden name was Sholl, and she was a sister of David Sholl of Millheim, and a sister-in-law of the late Eliza Campbell of Millheim, deceased.

The funeral was attended by Mrs. Sholl, a sister, and Mrs. G. W. Frankenberg.

Miss Maude Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Bailey, died at State College. She was aged about thirty years. She was a graduate of State College, and since that time was employed as a stenographer. On Monday of last week she experienced pains in her head, left her work, and grew worse until the following Thursday, when death came, the disease developing into spinal meningitis.

TEACHERS' LOCAL INSTITUTE.

Sessions at Rebersburg Well Attended by Teachers' and Parsons of the Public School.

The first local institute of this district, consisting of Miles, Haines, Penn, Gregg and Potter townships and the boroughs of Millheim and Centre Hall, was held at Rebersburg on Saturday, in the High school building. There was a good representation of the teachers from the eastern end of the district, but distance and weather conditions had a deterrent effect on those from this end. The people of Rebersburg, however, helped both in adding to the numbers and to the enthusiasm of the institute.

The program which had been prepared by the committee in charge, proved to be an interesting one. Papers were read by J. N. Moyer and Miss Ethel Gileon on "English in the Public Schools"; C. N. Bartgis and C. C. Small, on "Care of School Property"; Miss Helen Bartholomew on "The Value of Penmanship". Under the leadership of the chairman, Prof. D. P. Stapleton, these subjects were discussed by a large number of persons and a number of interesting sidelights were brought out.

Among those present from Centre Hall was D. F. Luse. After being introduced by H. A. Dodson, of the Centre Hall schools, he gave an interesting talk on the subject of the "Value of Penmanship." He attributed the fact that he can now, at the age of seventy-six years, write a steady hand, to his total abstinence from the use of tobacco and alcoholic beverages and to his temperance in eating.

A lively discussion followed the introduction of the subject, "Physiology as a Time Waster." The consensus of opinion was that if the subject is properly presented it is not a waste of time, but that its teaching should be continued.

Praised for Official Acts.

The man who does his full duty will receive due credit and honor, although it may be long after the deeds are done. The writer has before him a copy of the Elizabeth (Illinois) Weekly News, which contains a good likeness of Dr. D. G. Smith, a product of Gregg township. The News expresses great regret over the Doctor leaving Elizabeth, and among the many things credited to him is the statement that while he was president of the village board he forced the building of streets and the walks laid to a grade line. The paper goes on to say that there was much opposition to Dr. Smith's actions in these matters and then points out how thoroughly well everyone is pleased now, and how thankful the property owners are that he had the nerve to stand up for the right thing at the right time, although strongly opposed. Every community ought to have a Dr. Smith—a man who is not a afraid to advocate the best things for a community, and will do so in the face of opponents who are very often unfair, dishonorable and insincere.

License Court.

License court was held on Saturday, at which time the applications for liquor licenses and petitions against same were formally heard by the court. Remonstrances had been filed against most of the hotels in the county, and in some cases charges of violations of the liquor laws were made against landlords.

As was customary the court took no action at the Saturday session. Today (Thursday) testimony will be heard against the Milesburg hotel before Harry Keller, Esq.

Transfer of Real Estate.

Annie B. Tate et al to N. T. Krebs, tract of land in Ferguson twp. \$175.

John Wensei's heirs to Harvey Weaver, 2 tracts of land in Curtin twp. \$1,700.

Harry Keller et al Trustees to Sylvanus Lucas, 4 tracts of land in Union twp. \$1.

John C. Bower et al to Penn's Railroad Co., tract of land in Howard twp. \$1,700.

M. E. church of Milesburg to M. E. church of Unionville, premises in Milesburg boro. \$1.

4274 Guest.

Since February 18th, the O'd Fort Hotel register shows that 4274 guests were served meals at that hostelry. Mr. Royer, the landlord, assures the Reporter that many more meals were served than the register indicates, as in cases of a rush tickets are sold making registering unnecessary.

Porker Weighs 500.

Edward Lahr, tenant on the Keller homestead owned by W. F. and Christ D. Keller, killed the largest hog reported from Potter township this season. The weight was exactly 500 pounds.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS

Mr. J. W. Gramley of Sugar Grove, Illinois, is in the east and is visiting relatives in Brush and Penns Valleys.

Better renew your subscription to the Centre Reporter now and get in under the dollar rate. See announcement on page one.

Millheim is preparing for a fantastic parade on New Year's day. A good idea, and one that might be adopted in other localities.

The half fare rates extended to ministers by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is likely to be withdrawn if it has not already been done.

The beginning of this week Mrs. James Gregg went from Milesburg to Charleston, West Virginia, where she will visit her cousin, Mrs. H. E. Shadle. C. B. Hess, executor of the C. D. Miller estate, last week sold the old home farm to Jacob Harpster for \$34 per acre. It is one of the best farms in Tappan Valley.

Mrs. J. C. Dale and sister, Miss Mollie Hoffer, have closed their home here for the winter and have gone to State College where they will live with the former's son, Dr. P. H. Dale.

B. D. Brislin & Company have purchased the prop timber on the timber tract of B. H. Arney and H. E. Homau, both lying north of Centre Hall. The cutting and shipping will begin in the near future.

Agnes, three years old, daughter of John Mowery west of Centre Hall, while handling a hatchet almost completely severed one of her fingers. Dr. Allison sewed up the digit and it is thought the wound will heal perfectly.

With eggs at forty cents a dozen, how many farmers are making a profit from their hens today? There are more hands down than up. The average hen on the average farm is preparing for the average priced egg of fifteen cents per dozen.

The elks placed in the State game preserve in the Paddy Mountain district desert themselves near enough to the railroad to be observed occasionally by the freight crew as well as by travelers on the passenger train. Just a few days ago five of the elks were seen at one time.

Squire E. C. Wagner was in town on Friday, on a bit of business but not of a legal character. His term of justice of the peace expires on the first Monday of January, and he is altogether willing that someone else shall have the office. Aaron Detweiler is the justice-elect.

Smallpox is being dreaded in Millin county for other reasons as well as for its loathsomeness. The cases so far this fall have cost Lewis town borough \$2000, and Burnham \$19.00. Much of this cost is due to the fact that the infected families will not observe the health rules without a guard set over them.

James Francis O'Donnell, monologue actor, was the third number of the Spring Mills lecture course, and made his appearance in Grange Hall at that place on Thursday evening of last week. He gave a very creditable entertainment. To many of his hearers "The Sign of the Cross," by Wilson Barrett, was the most acceptable.

The cost of living isn't a bit too high for farmers, who are just beginning to realize what it is to have a fair profit on their products. There was no complaint on the part of our city cousins when the agriculturalist was obliged to suffer all sorts of privations in order to meet his obligations. It is unfair to keep harping about the high prices obtained by farmers for their products. The adjustments ought to be elsewhere. It is the carrier, and the dealer who are responsible for the exorbitant prices the consumer must pay.

J. O. Groover of Union county has been in Centre Hall several times investigating the conditions as to whether or not they would be advantageous for establishing a shirt factory. The Reporter is told that the gentleman is very favorably impressed with the place, and that he would be willing to open a factory here, provided a stipulated sum of cash could be raised on the part of the citizens. Messrs. John D. Meyer and J. W. McCormick, the present owners of the foundry buildings, have agreed that they would give the use of the buildings free of rent for a period of one year. The writer has not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Groover, but he is assured by others that he is thoroughly reliable. It would no doubt be well for the citizens who are of a public spirited mind to discuss the matter and ascertain what can be done in the way of raising the necessary funds.

The HERALD ANGELS

by RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

DRAWING BY H. HEYER



On the Still Winter Air Rose the Three Childish Voices.



I HE nursery rang with the childish voices. "Hark, the herald angels sing—" "That's too high. Wait a minute!" "Hark, the herald—" "That's better. Now, Seraphina! Now, Thad!" "Hark, the herald angels sing. Glory to the new-born King—"

"Seraphina, can't you take that piece of candy out of Thad's mouth? He nearly choked himself just then. You can have it back, Thad, when you've sung two verses. Don't be such a baby! Now, good and loud!" "Hark, the herald angels sing—" Schuyler bellowed lustily and beat time with a drumstick. Seraphina sang with much fervor and many false notes; while little Thad followed the tune manfully, and substituted a "la-lala" when the words proved elusive to his four-year-old memory.

The second verse brought to a successful issue, Schuyler dismissed the chorus and turned to the door.

"You see if you can't teach Thad the words of that second verse while I go downstairs and get some joss-sticks for the censer," he told Seraphina.

Schuyler Van Brunt was working under difficulties. Doctor Post had told him of the old English custom of singing carols in the streets on Christmas morning. It had taken a strong hold on the boy's fertile imagination—so strong a hold that he had planned to smuggle Seraphina and Thad from the house, when Christmas came, and to sing a carol out-of-doors in true English fashion.

Then, just when he needed Doctor Post's advice most, there had been some vague trouble between the doctor and Aunt Margaret. Aunt Margaret no longer wore the diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand, and Doctor Post came no more to the house. It was very disheartening. Schuyler wanted to ask Doctor Post a score of questions about the carols. Did the people who sang them wear surplices, like the choir boys in the Christmas procession at St. Jude's? Did they stand still or march around while they sang? These and other points sadly taxed his eight-year-old intellect. But his determination to sing that carol in the street never faltered. Hence the secret rehearsals in the nursery.

After much deliberation, he decided that surplices would lend dignity to the occasion, and this decision was furthered by the thought that night-gowns would make very passable surplices. Then, a tomato can suggesting possibilities, he added a censer to the properties. A tomato can punched full of holes, swung on the gilt cord that comes about candy boxes, and filled with burning joss-sticks, would make a beautiful censer.

It was Christmas Eve, and Schuyler's plans were complete. He felt sure they would put up a very creditable carol in the morning, even if Doctor Post's advice had not been obtainable. As he crept upstairs with the joss-stick, which he had begged from Agnes, the second girl, he felt that the last obstacle had been surmounted.

"Come on now, once more," he said as he entered the nursery door. "Elsa will be up with supper in a minute. We've just time before she comes. Stand up, Thad. Yes, I'll let you have a piece of the joss-stick if you'll sing good and loud. Now!"

Very early in the gray of the Christmas dawn Schuyler awoke, bounced out of bed, and began to rouse his cohorts. He tiptoed to Seraphina's little white cot and indulged in a series of vigorous shakes and punches.

"Get up! Get up, Seraphina! It's time to go out and carol," he whispered hoarsely.

Seraphina arose, and, sitting on the side of her bed, blinked at him reproachfully. Little Thad was already awake and ready for anything which savored of exciting novelty. The two elder children dressed hurriedly, and between them they managed to put on little Thad's clothes. Then Schuyler crept noiselessly to the hall below and returned with coats and hats and mittens. When they had bundled themselves into these outer garments, each donned a "surplice." At the last moment Schuyler bethought him of the brilliant cord on his father's bathrobe, and at the imminent peril of discovery he stole into Mr. Van Brunt's dressing-room and returned with the coveted cord encircling his small waist. This finishing touch, he felt

sure, made him quite like the altar boys at St. Jude's. He fished beneath his bed and drew out the tomato can censer filled with the joss-stick.

"Come on!" he whispered, and led the way down the wide stairs.

With a caution worthy of better things, he shot the bolts and opened the front door. The three grotesque figures stole silently out and stood on the stoop in the cold Christmas dawn. The air was still and biting; the silence of the streets appalling. Seraphina's mind reverted to the luxury of the bed she had just quitted.

"O-o-oh!" she chattered. "It's cold—awful cold to be out in your nightie!"

Schuyler snorted scornfully.

"Haven't you got enough on underneath it?" he demanded angrily, and Seraphina was silenced.

"O-o-oh!" echoed little Thad, and then, evidently thinking the sooner he caroled the sooner he would be back in the house, he began in his piping voice:

"Hark, er herald dangel—"

Schuyler thrust a hand over his mouth.

"Shut up!" he said disgustedly. "Do you want Elsa to come out and sneak us back into the house? Come on, now!"

He led the way down the steps and around the corner, where he paused to light the joss-stick in the tomato can. When they started again, little Thad tripped on his night-gown surplice and went sprawling into the gutter. He was rescued, howling; but not until he had been promised unlimited candy could the march be taken up again.

"Who are you going to sing your carol to?" demanded the practical Seraphina.

"Ninny! To no one in particular," said Schuyler.

"You ought to sing it to some one," she persisted.

"Well, who?" he challenged; but Seraphina was unable to defend her point thus specifically. "I'll tell you," he compromised, "we'll go to Doctor Post's. We'll sing it on the way, and sing it to him, too."

Through the deserted suburban streets they marched; Schuyler in the lead, swinging his smoking censer valiantly; Seraphina ambling along in his wake; and little Thad bringing up the rear, his strange surplice bearing unmistakable evidence of the gutter from which he had been recently fished. And on the still winter air rose the three childish voices in the old, old hymn.

Doctor Post heard them caroling on the lawn, and came to the door in his bathrobe. The three strangely garbed figures met his astonished gaze.

"Good Lord! What have we here?" he gasped.

"We're herald dangles," piped little Thad.

"We're Christmas carolers," corrected Schuyler with much dignity.

"I'm frozen," chirped Seraphina.

The doctor made a heroic effort to maintain his gravity.

"Come in, come in and get warm," he said. "Merry Christmas to you!"

They filed up the steps into the warm, wide hall, the tomato can sending out its reek of burning joss-stick.

"I would like to ask if carolers generally wear surplices and carry censers?" Schuyler questioned doubtfully.

The doctor's eyes twinkled.

"The best I ever heard did," he said gravely.

At that moment the telephone bell whirled wildly, and this is what they heard the doctor say:

"Hello! Yes, this is Doctor Post talking. Who? Oh, it's you, Margaret!—he lingered affectionately on the word—'Y-es. Now don't be alarmed. They're not lost. In fact, they're here with me this minute. They came to sing me a carol in good old English fashion. No, don't trouble to send Elsa; I'll send them home in the carriage as soon as I can get Dan up. Not at all! Good-by! Oh, Margaret, merry Christmas! Perhaps, if you don't mind, I'll drive over with them. Thanks. Good-by!"

Half an hour later a carriage drew up before the Van Brunt house, and from it emerged Schuyler, Seraphina, Thad and Doctor Post. Mrs. Van Brunt and Aunt Margaret met the cavalcade at the door.

"Oh! Oh!" said Mrs. Van Brunt, gathering the three strange little figures in her arms, while tears of merriment ran down her face.

Doctor Post had turned to Margaret.

"I thought I'd come with the herald angels," he said laughingly, "and let them plead 'peace on earth and mercy mild' for me."

Her eyes softened. A hesitating smile trembled on her lips a moment uncertainly, the next moment with no uncertainty whatever. And then he knew that the herald angels had accomplished an unwitting mission.

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SNAPSHOTS AT STATE NEWS

All Pennsylvania Gleaned for Items of Interest.

REPORTS ABOUT CROPS GOOD

Farmers Busy in Every Locality—Churches Raising Funds for Many Worthy Objects—Items of Business and Pleasure that Interest.

Discouraged by protracted illness, Miss Mary Klingensmith, of Vandergrift, committed suicide in a hospital.

For running an automobile while intoxicated John Davis, of Emille, was fined \$100 by the Bucks County Court.

William Lunn and Charles Costello, glass-workers, were asphyxiated in their Uniontown boarding house by fumes from a gas stove.

Pottstown carpenters will demand an increase from 30 to 35 cents per hour after May 1.

While William Schaeffer, of Reading, was shoveling coal into a heater, he was struck by a bullet in his arm, apparently from the coal bin.

Quakertown Council objects to a \$500 bill presented by a water company for fire-plug service after "insufficient supply."

Charles Wright, colored, has escaped from the insane hospital of the Chester County Home, at Embreeville.

After a successful year of roadmaking, the South Whitehall Supervisors turned over \$1,424 to their successors.

Attacked by a bull, Abraham Gerhardt, a farmer of near New Berlinville, was rescued by other members of the family with pitchforks.

H. H. Hunsberger, of Clayton, owns a White Leghorn hen which laid 71 eggs in the hay mow before he discovered the treasure.

A suicidal wound inflicted six years ago indirectly caused the death of William F. Miller, 40 years old, of Red Lion, in the York Hospital.

Archie J. Strausser, of Reading, confessed at a hearing before Alderman Yarnell that he entered the Armory Building and robbed the candy and cigar case of Merrill E. Goldman.

John Conners, of Philadelphia, was committed in Criminal Court at Media of robbing and beating aged Mrs. Winifred Bentz, of Chester, and was sentenced to one year in jail.

Live stock in all parts of York county has been dying during the past few weeks from a peculiar malady supposed to have been produced by feeding on new and immature corn.

Despondent for fear her baby would die, Mrs. John C. Freed, of Locust street, near Foranice, was found dead in her bathroom with the gas jet turned on.

As a step in the reduction of the cost of living the Somerset Grand Jury recommended that hogs be raised by the thousands at the county almshouse.

Christ Peter, charged with the murder of John Gallagher, at Clermont, was adjudged insane by a special jury at criminal court at Smithport. He was taken to Warren Asylum.

Dedication of the new \$15,000 science hall building of Albright College occurred with services, participated in by the faculty and student body. The dedicatory address was delivered by the Rev. J. P. Stober, of the Department of Biology and Geology.

Following a quarrel at a boarding house at Shamokin between James Coruch and Dominie Goretli, cousins, the latter is alleged to have shot the former twice in the chest and once in the back, after which Goretli escaped to the mountains. Coruch almost bled to death.

The "low" cost of living featured the report of Warden Walton, of Schuylkill county, for the month of November. He showed that the daily cost of the maintenance of each county prisoner was but 12 cents, in spite of extra rations issued on Thanksgiving day.

During November, 1912, when Coatesville had five licensed hotels, 63 men were arrested on the streets for drunkenness, while last month, with no licensed hotels in the town, only 13 "drunks" were arrested.

The Grand Jury at Media recommended an investigation of the Darby Creek and Essington boatouse district, which has been the scene of murders. The report characterizes the places as a source of crime and disorder, and says the boatouses are kept for immoral purposes.

GIVE GOODHART GIFTS

THE FURNITURE OF QUALITY

GOOD.



Furniture

and you are sure to give good gifts

Goodhart gifts are useful, durable, lasting remembrances. Nothing could be more appropriate for any one than a piece of furniture.

Shop early. Come in and make your selections, and we will hold them to deliver when ordered to do so.

Prices not advanced for the Christmas season. They are not matched anywhere any season of the year.

F. V. Goodhart

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Christmas Goods at Montgomery's Modern Men's Store

Prepared for Christmas Shoppers Now

Avoid the Holiday Rush by Buying Early

We are prepared for Christmas shoppers now, and you will be as much pleased as we if you do your buying early, obtaining the choicest selections and avoiding the Holiday rush.

If you doubt, consult our list of PRACTICAL PRESENTS all as fresh and new as NEXT YEAR'S CALENDAR.

For Dear Old Dad :

Neckwear, Bath Robes, Warm Underwear, Shirts, &c.

For Big Brother :

Knit Ties, Gloves, Silk Hose, Fancy Vests, Collars, &c.

For Little "Brudder" :

Caps, Fur-lined Gloves, Blouses, Stockings, Sweater Coats, &c.

For Sisters, Wives & Sweethearts :

Gloves, Silk Hosiery, Umbrellas, Mackinaws, &c.

All Gifts packed in Novel Christmas Boxes to insure good showing.

Rest Easy

ANYTHING not liked may be returned after Christmas for EXCHANGE or cheerful REFUND of MONEY.

MONTGOMERY & Co.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Christmas Gifts Exchanged or Money Cheerfully Refunded

HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE FREEING OF CUBA

By Lawrence Perry
Author of "Dan Merrithew," "Prince of Chameaux," etc.

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young
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SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outset of the Spanish-American war and assigned to important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a waiter in the act of robbing a beautiful young lady. She thanks him for his service and gives her name as Miss La Tossa, a Cuban patriot. Later he meets her at a ball. A secret service man warns Holton that the girl is a spy. Senior La Tossa chides his daughter for her failure to secure important information from Holton. She leaves for her home in Cuba. Holton is ordered to follow her.

CHAPTER IV.

A Frank Admission.

Holton's requisitions were promptly attended to, and by the time he had completed his packing at the club his tickets for the Florida Special had arrived.

He lunched with Billy Holt of the ordnance department, and then took a hack to the station, where he found the train made up. He had several magazines in his hands, and settled down to read with his feet luxuriously resting on the other seat of his section.

It was not many minutes, however, before he yawned broadly, and five minutes thereafter his magazine had tumbled from his hand and he was fast asleep.

As he fell into slumber two men approached the porter, and, throwing open their coats, displayed Secret Service shields.

While their English was perfect, they were surely of the Latin race. "Ya-as, sub—all right, gen'lmen." The porter was very much impressed.

"Ya-as, sub, go right along."

"As they approached Holton's section one of them stopped.

"Well, here he is," he remarked. "Yes, and asleep, too. He's bound for Tampa for a surety."

"Yes; but now that he kindly sleeps, we might as well go farther." He bent down and carefully drew Holton's bag out into the aisle. "Quick," he said, looking up, "the keys."

His companion drew from his pocket a large bunch of keys, and the man tried several without success. Finally, becoming impatient, he drew the bag to the seat behind Holton, and, drawing his knife, cut a long hole near the top. Then, inserting his hand and arm, he fished about for several minutes, but without feeling anything other than wearing apparel and toilet articles.

Finally he straightened up and pushed the bag into the place whence it had been withdrawn with the frowning remark:

"Well, we'll have to let him go; we've done our part."

The two men spent some time in the station, framing a telegram in cipher, which, when completed, was sent to Tampa. Then they disappeared.

Holton in the meantime slept, and was still asleep when the train moved out. Awakened by a sudden turn of the cars, he started bolt upright and



He Cut a Long Hole.

looked about him with only a vague idea as to where he was. When he came to a realizing sense of his situation he looked at his watch, and then tried to resume his nap. But this time he did not fall asleep, and so, after fidgeting about for half an hour, he decided to go into the smoker.

He had some very excellent cigars in his grip, and, pulling out the bag, he leaned down to unlock it, when he saw the long hole which had been cut in the shining pigskin.

He regarded the damage for a second with rising anger, and then unlocked the valise and searched it thoroughly to see what had been stolen. For his only idea was that some sneak thieves had taken advantage of his slumber.

But, finding everything intact, he was obliged to cast about for another explanation. It was then that the

thought of spies occurred to him. Thus thinking, he rose from his seat and looked searchingly over the occupants of his car.

Almost the first person his eyes lighted upon was a girl in the section diagonally opposite him. One glance at her profile was sufficient to send Holton stumbling and gasping back into his seat.

The girl was Miss La Tossa. He thought for a moment. Oh, to be sure, he had risen to find out who had maltreated his bag. Then—

Good Heavens! Holton's hands flew to his head after the most approved manner of tragedy, and for a moment he tried to dismiss the surging thoughts from his mind. But no, the facts were large and luminous and not to be denied, and these facts were as follows: He had gone asleep in the car, his bag had been cut open and rifled. Now, then, Miss La Tossa had been designated by men who should know whereof they spoke as a spy. Miss La Tossa was the only other person in the car—he paused. He just would not think it, that was all.

So, picking up a magazine, he settled back in his seat and tried to lose himself in a serial story. For a while he kept his mind fairly well upon the tale, but eventually he found his thoughts straying to the girl in front of him. Eventually he flung the magazine aside and shifted about uneasily.

After all, was he playing the game as he should? Silent contempt was all right if it were only noticed. But silent contempt when the person against whom it is directed does not feel it, is hardly a satisfactory course to pursue.

With this thought, Holton arose from his seat and, with a self-conscious smile, bustled up to Miss La Tossa as though he had just discovered her presence.

"Why, of all things!" he exclaimed. "How do you do, Miss La Tossa!" Her book fell to the floor and she looked up. "Mr. Holton!" she cried. "The very same," laughed Holton, "and may I ask what strange circumstances have brought us together again?"

"I was just going to ask you that," Holton looked at her curiously, hardly knowing what reply to make, after such a check.

"Where are you going?" he inquired at length.

"To Tampa and thence to my home," she responded.

"Oh!" Holton shifted doubtfully. "I'm going to Tampa, too."

"Really?"

"I trust if I can be of any service you will avail yourself of my presence, Miss La Tossa," he added somewhat formally.

"Thank you. Won't you sit down? That's one service you can perform—talk to me; I'm dreadfully bored."

Holton seated himself obediently. "Beastly raw and windy, wasn't it, today?"

"Yes."

Then she laughed at him unaffectedly.

"What are you laughing at?"

"At your brilliancy. Oh, you are masterly! And yet," she added, "they told me you were so clever."

"I cannot help what people say," he began, and then, impatient at his obvious disadvantage, he changed the subject. "I had the most curious thing happen to me on this train."

He went on.

"Now," she laughed, "you promise to be really entertaining. What was it? Do tell me!"

"I boarded the car," said Holton, "and fell asleep." She giggled, and he raised his hand impatiently. "I fell asleep, and while I slept some rascal cut a hole in my bag and rummaged through the contents."

He glanced at her sharply. But her face revealed nothing except polite concern.

"Indeed!" she remarked.

"Nothing was stolen," continued the officer, "and I cannot imagine why the thing was done."

"I think, perhaps, I can tell you," she said calmly. "You were attached to the Scorpion. She had been testing out some new torpedo. You came to Washington on the eve of war, and now you hurry away again to Tampa. Certain persons were desirous to know whether your departure concerned the Scorpion, and your bag was searched for orders or other writings that might throw light upon the subject."

"You are frank," Holton looked at her admiringly. "But how do you happen to know all this?"

"Because I'm a spy."

Holton's face assumed the color of a perfectly ripened tomato.

"You—you—"

Her hearty laughter brought him to a pause.

"How astonished you seem to be!" She regarded him humorously. "Why," she added, "I really believe he thinks now I cut open his bag."

Holton brought himself up with a jerk.

"Miss La Tossa," he said, "I bow to

you. You can deprive a man of speech about as handily as any person I ever knew. Of course, you're not a spy!"

"Do you really believe that?" Her eyes were serious now. "Do you?"

"Yes," he returned desperately.

"Then, Mr. Holton, I beg to inform you that I am a spy."

Holton received the girl's announcement with bowed head, and as he didn't speak she looked at him with defiant eyes.

"I am a Cuban. I am not a professional spy, as you may imagine. I fear I am not a spy at all in the high sense of the term. But I have tried to serve my country; I shall continue to do so. My country is in peril. I could be, I was born to be, I fear, a pleasure-loving butterfly. But I have found that there are ways in which my country has need even of poor me."

"Yes, but we need not be enemies," Holton's voice was very earnest.

She did not reply, and Holton added: "I applaud your motives, but surely you do not imagine Cuba to be in danger at the hands of the United States. I should think Spain would be your object, and if the United States, I ask you why?"

Still, she did not answer, and Holton, shrugging his shoulders, impatiently repeated his question.

"Why?"

"Do you know, Mr. Holton," she said after a moment's pause, "that every mile southward this train flies increases my happiness. It is so pleasant to feel you are nearing home."

"You have not answered my question, Miss La Tossa."

"And I do not intend to answer it."

Indignation was coloring the naval officer's mood.

"Look here, Miss La Tossa, I like you. If the honest admiration of a man is anything to you, you can make the most of that statement. And so I ask you with the friendliest motives—why should you think it necessary to pry into the affairs of the United States?"

"I am an enemy to any enemy of my country, and by enemy I mean any person or group of persons whose good-will toward us may be questioned."

"Then you infer that the United States is not acting in a way to show good-will to Cuba?" Holton was thoroughly outraged. "Well, I'll be hanged if that isn't gratitude!"

"If you don't mind, Mr. Holton," she said sweetly, "I should like to read now."

Holton hustled out of the seat in a great huff.

"Oh, certainly, by all means; most assuredly," he burst out, and returned to his seat.

As he sat there thinking, the train stopped at a small station to change engines. When it started again the conductor came into the smoker calling Holton's name. He responded, and the conductor gave him a long, official appearing dispatch. The message ran as follows:

"Holton:

"Congress declared war today. Sampson will be ordered to blockade the Cuban coast. Troops will mobilize at Port Tampa. They will proceed thence in transports to Cuba. You will remain in Tampa, availing yourself of the Gnat (a small torpedo boat, built for a battleship to carry) to prevent any attempt to destroy transports. You will watch Cuban camp at Tampa for developments regarding matters already brought to your attention and will hold yourself in readiness to land secretly on Cuban soil to perform intelligence work with regard to location and movements of Spanish warships. You will work under direct orders of the Secretary (Long).

"Roosevelt."

"Well!"

Holton sat back in his seat. So war had come. What would happen now? So far as he was concerned, Holton was likely to be well in the forefront. He was excited, thrilled in every fiber of his being. He put the dispatch in his pocket and walked back through the train to his car. As he reached Miss La Tossa's section he found her folding up a bit of paper and putting it in her waist.

Had she, too, received a dispatch? Holton did not doubt it. So he wasted no words.

"Well, it has come to pass," he said; "war has been declared, and within a few months Cuba will be as free as even you could wish."

"God grant it," she murmured.

Holton held out his hand.

"Good night, Miss La Tossa," he said.

She shook his hand cordially, lingeringly even.

"Good night," she replied.

Her eyes sought his, and for a moment it seemed as though she were going to speak. Then she turned away.

Holton waited an instant, and then he, too, averted his face.

"Good night," he said again, and went to his own berth, where the porter had completed his preparations.

CHAPTER V.

Mysterious Messages.

At Tampa Holton met and had breakfast with several army engineers who had been engaged in laying out camp sites in the pine woods back of Tampa. Then in the afternoon he proceeded on to Port Tampa, nine miles away. Ahead, rising into the blue sky like some dream palace in Sahara, the Tampa Bay Hotel, with its brick walls and gleaming silver domes and minarets.

It brought hope to his heart, and his steps were more springy as he hurried toward the immense structure. A negro boy took his bag as he entered the lobby, and the clerk smiled as he had not done since the winter through left the hostelry early in March.

After a bath and shave he set out to the bay to view his new command.

He found her in charge of an able seaman, Conroy, who welcomed him with enthusiasm.

Holton stepped aboard and chuckled when he recalled the comparatively large deck space of the Scorpion.

The Gnat was almost a toy craft, and yet her regulation torpedo gun on the after deck, the machine gun forward, and the little conning tower, heavily plated with steel, gave adequate hint that she was by no means built for pleasure.

"It is likely we'll be busy before long, Conroy," he said. "I'll have my luggage brought down from the hotel and come aboard at once. How many men have we?"

"Only Howard, the engineer, and me," was the reply.

"All right. The fewer the better. I'll return shortly, and perhaps take her out."

Whereupon Holton stepped out with a blithe stride. In the lobby of the hotel he buried his face in a Washington newspaper and spent a half-hour absorbing the war talk of the day.

His reverie was interrupted by a hotel page, who handed him a card bearing the name Jose Rodriguez, Havana.

"Mr. Rodriguez wishes to know if you will do him the honor of calling upon him in his rooms," announced the boy.

"Rodriguez! And who is he?"

"He's a very wealthy Spaniard who has been here some time."

"Well, then, you will tell Mr. Rodriguez that if he wishes to see me, he'll find me here."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell him that," and the boy hurried away.

"I like the nerve of that," growled Holton, returning to his paper.

In a few moments the page stood before him again.

"Well!" Holton looked up impatiently.

"Mr. Rodriguez said, sir, that he does not wish to speak to you in the lobby, and that it will be best for you if you visit him as soon as you can in his rooms."

Holton flushed angrily.

"Say, boy, get this straight. You give Mr. Rodriguez Mr. Holton's compliments, and say to Mr. Rodriguez that Mr. Holton says for him to go to the devil."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ABLE TO FOLLOW DIRECTIONS

Seemingly Unsophisticated Youth Traveled in Comfort While the Smart Tourist Walked.

"I suppose if I should try to ride that machine I'd break my neck," said a gawky-looking fellow as he looked at the bicycle against the lamp-post.

"No you wouldn't," replied the bicyclist, winking at the bystanders.

"It's the easiest thing in the world to do. Anybody can ride one of these machines if he only thinks so."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the gawky youth. "Dye think I could sway on it if I got on?"

"I know you could."

"An' make 'er go?"

"Of course."

"You're trying to fool me."

"Don't you want to try it?"

And the tourist in knickerbockers

winked slyly once more at the interested spectators.

"How do you keep from fallin' off the thing?"

"All you've to do is to climb on, start it going and keep going. Just try it. Here, get on."

The gawky young man took hold of the bicycle awkwardly and trundled it out to the middle of the road.

"It isn't quite as good a one as I've got at home," he said, as he mounted it and started down the road at a rattling pace, "but I can follow directions. It's only four miles to the next town. I'll be waiting you at the pump. Good-by."

And the smart young tourist in his knickerbockers trudged after him on foot.

Daily Thought.

I am a part of all that I have met.

—Tennyson.

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Dun's Review says:

"Complaints are still heard of the retarding influences of mild weather, which restricts retail demand for seasonable merchandise. Holiday trade, however, has opened up well."

"Apprehension of labor troubles at textile centers, notably at Fall River, has been removed, at least for the present, but scarcity of operatives keeps production below distribution. An easier tendency is manifest in cotton goods for contract delivery, but spot values hold steady and recent inventories by Western jobbing houses indicated more prosperous conditions than a year ago."

Bradstreet's says:

"Unseasonably warm weather bulks large in the trade crop and industrial reports this week. Warm, growing weather, projected into December, is also dulling the seasonable demand for coal and causing too rank a growth of winter wheat. Some farmers are being forced to mow their lands to prevent too heavy a growth, jointing, etc. Insect damage is also complained of, and real winter weather would be in a high degree acceptable throughout a wide area."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 100c elevator domestic and 101 nominal f o b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 97½ f o b afloat.

Corn—Spot firm; old No. 2 yellow, 85c nominal elevator domestic.

Potatoes—Wheat; Maine, \$2@2.15; European, \$1.25@1.60; Southern sweets, \$1@1.50.

Butter—Creamery extras, 34@35½; seconds, 23@26½; thirds, 22@22½; creamery, held, seconds, 23@26; thirds, 22@22½; imitation creamery, firsts, 21½@22; factory, held, 21½@22½; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 19½@20.

Eggs—Fresh gathered, extras, 44@46; extra, firsts, 42@43; firsts, 40@41; seconds, 37@39; thirds and poorer, 18@25; fresh gathered dirties, 25@27; refrigerator, lower grades, 21@26½; dirties, 21@25; State, Pennsylvania and nearby hennerly whites, fine to fancy, 52@55; do, gathered white, 50@53; State, Pennsylvania and nearby hennerly browns, 46@47; do, gathered browns and mixed colors, 40@46.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat—Car lots, in export elevator, No. 2 red, spot and December, 93@93½c; steamer, 91@91½c; No. 3 red, 90@90½c; rejected "in," 87@87½c; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 97@98c.

Corn—Car lots for local trade, as to location, old, No. 2 yellow, natural, 53½@54c; old, steamer, yellow, natural, 53@53½c; kiln-dried, new, No. 2 yellow, 80½@81½c; do steamer, yellow, 79½@80½c; do, No. 3 yellow, 78@78½c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 45c; standard white, 45@45½c; No. 3 white, 44½@45c; No. 4, 43@44c.

BAITMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red spot and December, 94½; January, 95½; February, 97.

Corn—Southern white corn on grade, sold at 74c per bu for prime fall white corn, and small lots of white on the wharf at 71 and 72½ per bu.

Oats—No. 2 white, 45½c; standard white, 44½@44¾; No. 3 white, 44@44½.

Rye—No. 1 rye, Western, domestic, 72@73c; No. 2 rye, Western, domestic, 68; bag lots nearby, as to quality, 60@70.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$18.50@19; standard timothy, \$18@18.50; No. 2 timothy, \$17@17.50; No. 3, do, \$15@16.50; light clover mixed, \$17@17.50; No. 1, do, \$16.50@17; No. 2, do, \$16@16½; heavy, do, \$16.50@17; No. 1 clover, \$17@17.50; No. 2, do, \$15@16; no established grade, \$10@15; sample grade, as to kind, quality and condition, \$10@12.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 34@34½; creamery, choice, 31@33; creamery, good, 29@30; creamery, prints, 33@35; creamery, blocks, 32@34; ladies, 23; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 21@23.

Cheese—Jobbing lots, per pound, 18@18½c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 36c; Western firsts, 26; West Virginia, firsts, 35@36; Southern, firsts, 34. Recrated and rehandled eggs, ½c to 1c per dozen higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens—Old hens, heavy, 16c; do, small to medium, 15; old roosters, 10; young, 16. Ducks, 14@15c. Geese—Nearby, 14@15c; Western and Southern, 13@14; Kent Island, 16@17. Pigeons—Young, per pair, 25c; old, 25. Guinea Fowl—Old, each, 40c; young, 62½. Turkeys—Young, 10 lbs and over, per lb, 18@19c; old, 18; rough and poor, 12.

Live Stock

CHICAGO.—Hogs—Bulk of sales, \$7.35@7.65; light, \$6.95@7.50; mixed, \$7.30@7.70; heavy, \$7.35@7.70; rough, \$7.35@7.45; pigs, \$4.75@6.90.

Cattle—Beef, \$6.70@9.65; Texas steers, \$6.70@7.80; stockers and feeders, \$4.90@7.70; cows and heifers, \$3.40@3.85; calves, \$7@11.

Sheep—Native sheep, \$4.15@5.50; yearlings, \$5.50@7; lambs, native, \$6.30@7.90.

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All professional business promptly attended to.

A.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

ISSUED WEEKLY.

S. W. SMITH, . . . Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office in Centre Hall as Second Class matter.

CENTRE HALL, . . . PENN'A.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913

TERMS.—The terms of subscription to the Reporter are one dollar per year in advance.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS

Reformed—Spring Mills, morning; Union, communion, afternoon; Centre Hall, Christmas service, evening.

United Evangelical—Lemont, morning; Linden Hall, afternoon.

Presbyterian—Centre Hall, morning.

Lutheran—Spring Mills, morning; Centre Hall, afternoon; Tusseyville, evening.

LOCALS

Laundry goes out next week.
The Y. P. B. will meet in their room on this (Thursday) evening.

If you have in mind to send the Reporter to a friend for a Christmas present now is the time to do it. A dollar bill will take fifty issues to your friend.

J. J. Ketner, Esq., the well known socialist in Lock Haven, underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Lock Haven hospital. His chances for recovery are very good.

Let us call your attention to the fact that you can renew your subscription to the Reporter up to February 1st, 1914, at the old rate of \$1.00 per year. This is to your advantage.

Clement Dale, Esq., on Monday surveyed the Gregg farms, west of Centre Hall, both of which were sold—one to John A. Heckman and the other to Clyde E. Dutrow.

Mrs. Lettie Goodhart will hold a stock sale on Saturday, December 27. She will sell three young horses, four western bred Holstein cows, and a lot of young heifers and calves bred from them. Also six hogs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Roseman, and Daniel Zeigler, State College; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Roseman, Millheim; Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Roseman, Penna. Cave, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Roseman on Tuesday.

Mrs. Clyde Bradford, whose illness was mentioned on several previous occasions, is about holding her own, and it is thought she will recover in time. Her condition at present, however, is rather serious.

In response to a demand that appears to embrace almost all of the young society people of the country, The North American is going to print, beginning Sunday, December 28, a series of lessons on the society dances of the day.

The Zettle Brothers, proprietors of the Centre Hall planing mill, offer for sale a team of young mules, harness, and wagons. They intend discontinuing hauling, and have no further use for the articles advertised elsewhere in this issue.

The commissioners of Centre and Clearfield counties have decided to build a new concrete bridge across Moshannon creek in Phillipsburg instead of repairing the old bridge at an expenditure of about \$3000. The new bridge is to cost between \$7000 and \$8000.

Elmer Hettinger, a farmer on Sinking Creek below Centre Hill, had a 250-barrel concrete cistern constructed, much of the work having been done by Christ Dorst. From the cistern the water is piped to various convenient points at the barn. The cost was less than \$50.

Messrs. George E. Earhart, John E. Rishel and James B. Spangler, auditors of Potter township, completed auditing the accounts of the various officers of the township on Saturday, sitting at Old Fort hotel. Their report indicates the taxes for 1913 well collected, and the finances of the several departments in a healthy condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Boczer and little daughter are at the home of the former's father, D. A. Boczer, in Centre Hall, for the Christmas season, having come here from Chicago the latter part of last week. This is his first peek grandfather Boczer had at the only granddaughter, and, of course, it will be one of his chief delights during the Yule-tide.

Samuel Moyer of Campbelltown, Lebanon county, is visiting his cousin, J. Henry Meyer, in Boalsburg, as well as other relatives in Centre county. He is accompanied by his good wife Mr. Meyer is a farmer by occupation, and owns almost two hundred acres, which is devoted to general farming and growing apples. Before leaving the county he will pay a visit to Prof. P. H. Meyer in Centre Hall.

When one remembers, says an exchange, that in an ordinary column there are 10,000 pieces of type, that there are seven wrong positions each letter may be put in and there are 70,000 chances to make errors, besides millions of chances for transpositions, he will not be too critical. In the sentence, "To be or not to be," by transposition alone it is possible to make 2,759,232 errors. So you see the perils that beset a printer.

Marriage Licenses

Edward Vaughn, Phillipsburg
Frances M. Crowell, Houzdale
Thomas T. Chambers, Clarence
Zella M. Harnish, Clarence

Accepts Call to Rebersburg.

The members of the Rebersburg Lutheran charge have induced Rev. John Metzgar of Pennbrook, a suburb of Harrisburg, to become their pastor. He will hold his first services on Sunday, January 18th.

Anna Dorst Dead.

Just as the Reporter went to press the death of Miss Anna Dorst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dorst, at Earlstown, was announced.

The funeral, so far as known at present, will be held Saturday morning. Interment at Centre Hall.

1000 Deer Killed in Penn.

Joseph Kalofus, secretary of the state game commission, estimates that one thousand black deer were killed in Pennsylvania this year, three hundred more than last year. A few does were killed. Three men were shot in mistake for deer, the largest number in any season since the buck-with-horns law became effective.

The American Hen Leads.

The pen of five single comb white leghorns entered by Chas. D. Bartholomew in the third North American competition held at Thorndale, near Philadelphia, which took first place in production of eggs the second week, won the silver medal for heaviest production during November, comes out on top at the end of the sixth week with eleven eggs to the good.

Report Register

D. O. Eiters, State College
R. G. McClellan, Linden Hall
H. A. McClellan, Tusseyville
A. C. Ripka, Spring Mills
E. Clayton Wagner, Centre Hall
Mollie Hoffer, Centre Hall
Mrs. J. C. Dale, Centre Hall
Robert Osman, Centre Hall
Hugh Ralston, Centre Hall
Oran F. Osman, State College
Harry L. Moyer, Centre Hall
Julian Fleming, Columbus, Ohio
John F. Treaster, Pottery Mills
John E. Kishel, Tusseyville
C. S. Thomas, Pottery Mills

Two Deaths Near Coburn.

George Rider died at his home below Coburn on Tuesday night from an affection of the heart. He was aged about forty-six years. There survive a wife and these children: Samuel, Emmett, Peter, Gertrude and Ida. Interment will be made on Saturday at Coburn.

Mrs. Mary Vonada died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Shawver, above Coburn, on Sunday, from pneumonia. Interment was made on Wednesday, Rev. D. M. Geesey officiating. She was aged about forty-eight years. Her husband died a few months ago, but these children survive: William and Jay, Mrs. Robert Auman, Mrs. Thomas Taylor, and Mrs. Andrew Shawver.

LOCALS

The stores in Centre Hall will be open every evening until after New Year's day.

To date December has been a delightful month from a weather standpoint, and then it is the month with a Christmas in it.

The Orangeville (Illinois) Courier in giving an account of a Holstein cattle sale states that G. Bruce Goodhart purchased two cows for which he paid \$290 and \$205, respectively.

Mrs. W. B. Mingle went to Philadelphia on Wednesday morning, and expects to remain with her daughter, Mrs. J. Emory Moy, for the winter. Her home at Centre Hall has been closed.

Julian Fleming came to Centre Hall for a stay of a few days. He makes his headquarters at Columbus, Ohio, and is in the service of the Johnston Harvester Company, with which company he has been connected for twenty-three years.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Meyer will go south for the winter. They hope to be able to leave here soon after the beginning of the New Year. They will make Columbia, South Carolina, headquarters, where a daughter, Mrs. J. W. McCormick, lives.

John D. Relsh will vacate the Al C. Grove farm near Bellefonte, next spring, and will move onto one of the Brockerhoff farms one and one-half miles below Bellefonte on the Jacksonville road. George B. Slack, now living on one of the Gregg farms west of Centre Hall, will succeed Mr. Relsh.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Runkle and daughters of Pittsburg came to Centre Hall on Monday, and for several days were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Boczer. They are on their way to Washington, D. C., where Mrs. Runkle has a sister living. It is some twenty years since Mr. Runkle left Centre Hall, and he has been here but once or twice since. He observes many changes—all for the better—in Centre Hall and surrounding community since his leaving here about the time he obtained his majority. For a number of years he has been employed in the office of the Knoxville ice company, and is very well contented with his lot.

J. H. WEBER

Our best wishes for the Christmas season.

The goods we offer are not classed in the Christmas shopping list, but they are such nevertheless that are indispensable to Christmas cheer.

FLOUR :

Pillsbury, Spring Wheat
White Lilly, Winter Wheat
Legal Tender, Blended

FREEDS :

Badger Dairy Feed, especially adapted for the production of milk.

Lin Seed Meal, the "old process oil meal," for stock of all kinds and ages.

Cotton Seed Meal, for the dairy cow. 41 per cent. protein.

Bran, Middlings, Chop of all kinds.

Coal

NUT, all sizes
SCREENED LUMP
CANNEL, Screened
RUN OF MINE

Selected from the best mines. Coal is coal, but there is a difference in power to give heat units.

Machinery

in season :

FEED MILLS
FODDER
CRUSHER
MANURE
SPREADER

Special

Few Bob Sleds and Sleighs at greatly reduced prices to close out stock. These are first-class in every particular.

Roofing

Galvanized STEEL.
Quality not surpassed

Pork Wanted

After the Holiday season we will offer the highest market prices for dressed pork. Consult before you sell.

J. H. WEBER

CENTRE HALL

51 Issues in 1913.

The subscribers of the Reporter will receive another issue of this paper, the same to have the date of December 25th, making a total of fifty-one issues for 1913, one issue more than the average year brings.

SPAN OF MULES, WAGONS, AND HARNESS FOR SALE

The undersigned offers at private sale the following:

Heavy span of mules, four and five years old; two horse wagon, truck wagon, bob sled, all good as new.

Harness—set of harness, complete for two horses, used but one year.

54.0.3 ZETTEL BROTHERS, Centre Hall, Pa.

Sale Register.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18th, at 10 o'clock,

at the late residence of Roland B. Treaster, two miles north-east of Pottery Mills, by John F. Treaster, adm'r: Three horses, 8 milch cows, 3 stock bulls, heifer, brood sow, geese, ducks, lot of farming implements, harness, butchering tools, etc.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, at 12 o'clock

share, on turnpike two and one half miles west of Spring Mills, at the late residence of J. Miller Goodhart, by Lettie Goodhart: Three horses, one four years old, two rising three years old; yearling colt. Four Holstein cows, western stock; 3 Holstein heifers, Holstein bull, red heifer one year old; two Holstein heifer calves, bull calf, all bred from western cows described above. Six hogs. L. F. Mayes, auc't.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 12 o'clock, two and one-half miles west of Centre Hall, by Chas. S. Harris: Farm stock and implements.

MONDAY, MARCH 16, all day sale, one-half mile south-east of Linden Hall, by A. E. Sharer: Farm stock and implements. L. F. Mayes, auctioneer.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, at Old Fort, by William Bradford. Large farm stock and implements—L. F. Mayes, auc't.

March 19, Henry Homan, Centre Hall: Farm stock etc.—L. F. Mayes, auc't.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27, all day, by George W. Rowe, near Linden Hall, Farm stock and implements.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, one o'clock, two and one-half miles east of Penna. Cave along Brush Valley road, by Oscar C. Roman, farm stock and implements. Wise and Hubler, auctioneers.

FARM FOR SALE—The undersigned offer for sale his farm, one mile southwest of Colyer, containing ninety-eight acres, seventy-five of which are cleared, the remainder covered with chestnut, oak, pine, etc. There is a new six-room dwelling house on the place, also good outbuildings and a barn. The place has proven profitable to the present owner. It will be sold at a reasonable price and on easy terms. For further particulars call on the undersigned, or address him, Spring Mills, Pa., R. P.

WILLIAM H. LINGLE, Colyer, Pa.

48.0.2

HENRY F. BITNER, A. M., Ph. D.

SCRIVENER AND CONVEYANCER

Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Wills, Leases, Contracts, and other legal papers carefully prepared at short notice. One year experience in law office. Terms reasonable. Hall phone 17-3.

MURRAY'S DRUG STORE, CENTRE HALL, PA.

3r-13-1y

Ayer's Pills

Good health demands at least one movement of the bowels each day. Just one Ayer's Pill at bedtime. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

D. J. NIEMAN & CO.

Going out of Business Sale is in full sway and the large crowd of buyers is increasing daily, which proves that we positively mean what we advertise, and that we are surely giving greater bargains and the best and more merchandise for the money than ever heard of before. We are positively quitting the Millheim Store on the 1st of April, and we will positively not move a single dollar's worth of merchandise. It makes no difference how new our stock is, or what the value may be, everything must be converted into cash in the shortest possible time.

When you come to our store buy and buy freely, while the assortment is large. A chance like this will positively never come again.

D. J. NIEMAN & CO.

MILLHEIM, PA.

Odenkirk's Store for Christmas Presents

A few of the many Christmas presents in our store are: Jewelry, Rings, Bracelets, Cuff Links, Tie Clasps, Scarf Pins, Hat Pins, Bar Pins, La Valliers, Flanellette, Kimonos, Dressing Sacques, Table Linens, Huck and Damask Towels, China and Aluminum Ware, Christmas Tree Ornaments, also lots of Christmas Candies, Fig Dates, Oranges, Nuts, Malaga Grapes, etc.

You Get Your Money's Value at Odenkirk's

W. A. ODENKIRK

...Christmas Goods...

All bright. All fresh. All clean.

SILVERWARE, FANCY DISHES, GLASSWARE, ORNAMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, TOYS, CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS. THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

FANCY GROCERIES FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON. THE CHOICEST IN THE MARKET. VARIETY, QUALITY.

You will find our store always well stocked with all staple goods—groceries, drygoods, notions, rubber goods, boots, shoes, etc. Nothing wanting.

PRICES NOT ADVANCED DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON

W. H. STUART, Boalsburg

Harris township.
T. D. Baul was home from Washington for a few days.
W. Scott Wieland of Williamsport spent Sunday at Boolsburg.
Miss Martha Baul of Centre Hall spent last week at Boolsburg.
Miss Gertrude Kelchling of Pine Grove Mills spent Sunday at Boolsburg.
J. M. Ross of Linden Hall attended to business in Boolsburg on Saturday afternoon.
Miss Annie Lohr spent Wednesday and Thursday at her home at Centre Hall.
George Mothersbaugh and family spent Sunday at the J. H. Ross home at Linden Hall.
Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Bitner of Centre Hall spent last Wednesday with relatives at Boolsburg.
Mrs. John Allen attended the funeral of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Annie Calderwood at Tyrone last Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Riley and daughter Miss Helen attended the funeral of E. H. Whitehill at Houserville last Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Goheen and daughter Miss Margaretta, Miss Lucretia Goheen, and S. H. Bailey attended the funeral of Maud Bailey at State College on Saturday.
W. H. Kuhn from Jersey Shore visited his brothers John and Alexander Kuhn last week.
Mrs. Thomas Meyer and Mrs. Jennie Harter of Coburn and Mrs. George Weaver of Aaronburg spent Thursday and Wednesday with the Hosterman family.
Mrs. John Fisher with her little grandson Jack Fisher of Bellefonte visited in Boolsburg from Saturday until Monday.
Mrs. George Tibbens was taken from the Bellefonte hospital on Saturday to the home of her son, Earl Tibbens, in Bellefonte.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ludwig have taken up their abode with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jacobs.
Alden S. Myers of Jacksonville, Florida, and Boyd Little of Downs, Kansas, were visitors at the home of D. W. Myers last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Ira Rishel and Mrs. Harry Isler attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Lydia Ziegler near Pleasant Gap on Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Moyer of Campbellton are spending this week with relatives at Boolsburg and State College.
A Christmas entertainment will be held in the Reformed church on Christmas eve, and in the Lutheran church on Christmas evening.

REBERSBURG

Our stores are now dressed in their Christmas garb.
The stork visited the home of Prof. Bethlehem and left a baby boy.
Prof. Stapleton and wife spent last Saturday and Sunday in town among old acquaintances.
Thomas Hubler is just recovering from a very sore hand which he nursed for the last two weeks.
The teachers' local institute held at this place on last Saturday proved to be very instructive as well as interesting. Quite a number of teachers from a distance were present.
Rumor has it that M. M. Moyer of Centre Hall will move onto Wm. Baul's farm, this coming spring. The farm is at present occupied by John Stoner.
Rev. Meizer of Dauphin county has accepted a call extended to him by the members of the Lutheran church of this valley. He will bring his family to this place some time in January.
Dr. H. G. Krape quite recently bought a horse at Aaronburg and will deliver his goods with horse power during the winter months. The doctor owns a car, but he thinks it is no safe way to travel through snow drifts.
One day last week while Mrs. Henry Meyer of near this place was engaged in cleaning windows in her summer house, one of the lights broke and cut a deep gash into her wrist, making a painful wound. The family is also afflicted with sickness, a daughter Emel being at present confined to bed with a severe attack of pneumonia.
A few weeks ago thieves a pried a board loose on the smoke house of Mrs. Reuben Bieri and helped themselves to smoked sausage. Since that time quite a number of petty thieving has been going on in this vicinity. Suspicion rests on certain fellows and it is hoped they will soon be brought to justice.

Georges Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Jettie Weaver spent Sunday at the James' rust home.
Harvey Vonada is visiting his daughter, Mrs. E. B. Herman, in Altoona this week.
Colonel Decker and family of Spring Mills were callers at the D. D. Decker home on Sunday.
Mrs. F. M. Ackerman left last Saturday for a week's visit with friends in Jonestown and Latrobe.
Mr. Anderson and his lady friend, Miss Lizzie Fye, were seen driving through Georges Valley in the new car.
The Leona Grove Sunday-school elected the following officers last Sunday for the coming year: Superintendent, James Faust; assistant superintendent, J. R. Confer; secretary, R. B. Ziegler; librarians, Arthur Gill, Dewey Hennig; treasurer, U. W. Lingie.

Potters Mills

F. A. Caroon and family spent Sunday in Tyrone.
David Sweetwood of Illinois spent Sunday with friends in town.
W. W. McCormick fell and hurt his shoulder on Friday morning.
Weasley Sweetwood was the guest of his son Edward several days last week.
Miss Nellie Wilkinson has returned to her home after an absence of three months at State College.
Edward Lockner and family returned to their home in Jeanette last week. They had spent several weeks at the cabin in the Gap.

Centre Reporter, \$1 per year.

Aaronburg.

J. W. Foster and sister Mary and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mingle were to Centre Hall in the former's auto on Sunday.
Mrs. Fred Guisawite of Akron, O., came to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Stover.
Thomas Weaver and Herb Merryman, who have been employed in Akron, Ohio, since June, came home to spend the winter months with their families.
Mrs. George Weaver visited her uncle living in Boolsburg on Tuesday.
Mrs. Lenker and daughter have returned home after an absence of a month's stay at Lemont and Bellefonte.
Mr. and Mrs. Perry Adams spent a few days at State College.
Both the Lutheran and Reformed people are busy getting their Christmas services ready.
Mr. and Mrs. Miller and daughter, Mrs. Lucy Russell and daughter Gertrude of Lewisburg were up on Sunday in their auto and spent the day very pleasantly at the home of Wm. Guisawite.
Ebon Bower of Bellefonte was down to see his aged grandparents who are both in a critical condition at this writing.
Mr. and Mrs. James Crays and son Wm. of Renovo spent a few days at the home of Z. D. Thomas.
Jacob Felder and Mrs. Emma Wert spent a few days with friends living in Loganton.

Spring Mills

Mrs. Bright Bitner and daughter went to Akron, Ohio, on Friday to visit her sister, Mrs. Wilson Wert.
John H. Rishel has been quite ill for a few days.
The stores are nicely decorated and ready for Christmas trade.
Howard F. Roseman, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Zuber, attended the funeral of Mrs. Henry Ziegler on Tuesday.
The Reformed and Lutheran Sunday-schools are preparing for Christmas services.
W. O. Gramley's sister, Mrs. Weaver, of Millburg spent a few days with the Gramley family.

Salt, salt—R. D. Foreman, Centre Hall.

Pine Grove Mills

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoner of Altoona visited over Sunday with relatives here.
Miss Leoda Decker is visiting her sister, Mrs. Foster, in Altoona.
J. L. Keller transacted business in State College on Monday.
Miss Maude Decker did some shopping at State College last Wednesday.
Miss Rhetta Ward was among the shoppers in Bellefonte on Saturday.
Wilbur Decker, a student at the Bellefonte Academy, spent Sunday at his home here.
Mrs. Edward Mariz visited friends in State College on Saturday.
Miss Margaret Peters of State College spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Sue Peters.
Mrs. Kyle Osman and little daughter Geraldine spent Sunday with Mrs. Osman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith.
Philip Dale and daughter, Mrs. Miller, visited friends in town on Saturday.

Woodward.

Miss Florence Benner spent the Sabbath at the home of F. P. Guisawite at Feidler.
Wilson Ard, Jr., son of Dr. W. P. Ard, left for Florida last week, he intends spending the winter there.
Ruben Shesley and family from Union county, spent Saturday and Sunday with the former's parents.
Mr. and Mrs. Hazlett from Rochester, N. Y., spent several days last week with her sister.
Mrs. C. E. Boob and children from Bellefonte spent a few days last week with her father, J. L. Kreamer.

Market Reports.

Wheat, red	90
Corn, oh cob, 70 lbs.	60
Corn, shelled, 56 lbs.	60
Rye	65
Oats	40
Barley	55
Hay, Timothy, first grade	14 50
Hay, mixed	12 50
Butter	28
Eggs	27
Lard	11

Salt—Foreman.
Christmas advs. Read them.

Holiday Goods

READY FOR INSPECTION

Christmas presents suitable for all and to suit all pocketbooks. Come and see our Holiday Goods before purchasing your gifts. Toys, Dishes, Glassware, Handkerchiefs, Linens, &c.

We expect to remember customers this Christmas. We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

C P LONG Co., Spring Mills

REDUCE THE COST OF GIVING

Lenox Combinations will gladden the heart of HER, HIM, THEM.
FOR HER, Famous LADY LENOX finest Ingrain Silk Lisle Stockings Regular price per pair 50c, our price 3 pair packed in handsome holly box \$1.00
or 2 pairs LADY LENOX stockings, and 2 imported Irish Shamrock Hand Finished Handkerchiefs in handsome Holly Box \$1.00 PREPAID

FOR HIM, 3 Pairs LORD LENOX Pure Fibre Silk Lisle Ingrain Stockings 50c, value our price packed in Handsome Holly Box \$1.00 PREPAID
or 3 pairs LENOX guaranteed Silk Lisle Finished Sox, double sole and heel worth \$1.00 and 1 knit fibre silk pin-proof necktie worth 35c and a pure linen Irish imported handkerchief in Holly Box \$1.00



PRESERVE THIS AD.

This is your first chance to buy Famous Lenox Hosiery, etc., from factory at WHOLESALE PRICES.

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE WHEN ORDERING

NOTE: Special Introductory Offer. You may order six of the above combinations and they will be sent prepaid upon receipt of your check or money order for \$5.00.

References: We have been in business for many years. Ask any banker or the Editor of this paper. MONEY BACK IF YOU WANT IT.

LENOX SILK WORKS, Inc.

151 West 34th Street, (near Broadway), New York City

Christmas Presents Rossman's Store

If you wish to buy your friends a hand some Christmas gift call and see our line for father, mother and all.

A Christmas gift given to each family coming to the store Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Christmas

H. F. ROSSMAN
Spring Mills

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of JARED MURRAY, late of the borough of Centre Hall, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been duly granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

H. F. BITNER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS

of administration on the estate of Roland B. Treaster, late of Potter township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been duly granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN F. TREASTER,
Administrator, c. t. a.,
Spring Mills, Pa. R. D.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Oldest, Safest, Strongest, Best. Standard family medicine. No alcohol. Sold for 60 years. Ask Your Doctor.

CHRISTMAS

GIFTS OF

EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE

Diamonds
Watches
Rings

Bracelets
Mesh Bags
Silverware

Everything in Jewelry from the moderately priced to the most exquisite

If you have not received our Catalogue, we will be pleased to send you one.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
BELLEFONTE, PA.

BOTH 'PHONES

If you are in the market for a good

FOUR-HORSE FARM

situated in Penns Valley consult me at once for particulars. Also have for sale 5 Nice Homes situated in different parts of Centre Hall.

Buyers and Sellers will do well to consult me as I keep posted on market.

CHAS. D. BARTHOLOMEW,
Real Estate and Insurance
CENTRE HALL, PA.

STOVE FOR SALE.—Large stove, suitable for store room, office, school house, etc. In first class condition; almost new. Sold at a bargain. THOMAS CENTRE REPORTER, Centre Hall.

The National Stockman & Farmer

PITTSBURG, PA.

World's Greatest Farm Paper

Comes Every Week and Stops When Time is Out

1 Year \$1.00
3 Years 2.50
5 Years 3.00

Send for sample copy and special offers.

33-48

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—

1 light-room house and lot adjoining lot on Main street, Centre Hall, Pa. Good stable, also variety of good fruit. Call or write. MRS. M. A. REARICK, Centre Hall, Pa. Brings results—a Reprinter ad.

"Everybody's Doing It"

Buying Christmas Goods at EMERY'S STORE

Why shouldn't they when they get the best goods for the least money.

We have tons of CANDY, TOYS, CHINAWARE, STATIONARY BOOKS, DOLLS, FRUITS and NUTS, etc.

Special Low Prices in all kinds of Holiday Goods

Come early and make your selection while our stock is complete

Wishing You all a Merry Xmas and a Prosperous New Year

C. F. EMERY, Centre Hall

LADIES' "FITZ-EZY" SHOES will cure corns!

SOLD ONLY AT
YEAGER'S SHOE STORE
BELLEFONTE

We turn out first-class Job Printing. Place your order here.

DOES YOUR STOVE NEED REPAIRS?

It will not be long until the chilly blasts will make the stove the means of comfort. Is your stove ready to make fire in, or does it need repairs. See to it now, before the rush season will mean delay.

Probably you are thinking of a new stove for the coming winter. We handle the

World-Famous
Red Cross Stoves
and Ranges.

Come in and let us talk it over.

T. L. SMITH
CENTRE HALL

If You Want

R
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YOU can get them by advertising in this paper. It reaches the best class of people in this community.

Use this paper if you want some of their business.

Use This Paper

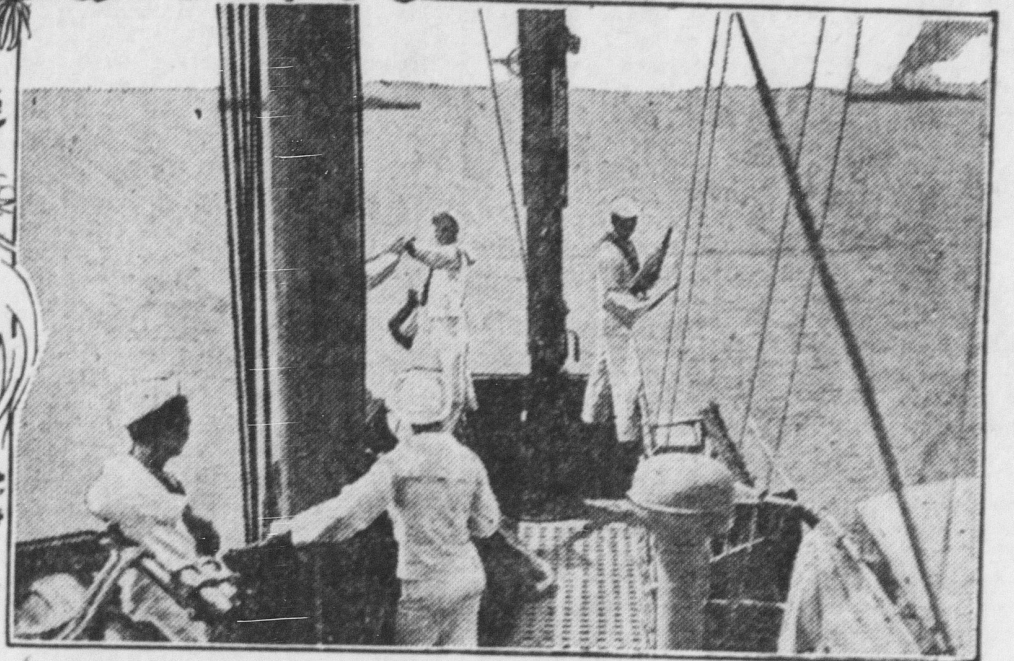
WHEN SANTA CLAUS BOARDS MAN-O-WAR



ABSURD as it may sound to every one, the bluejackets still believe in Santa Claus. That rotund, rosy-cheeked little old man pays as much attention to the thousands of boys on board the warships as he does to the thousands of, perhaps younger in years, boys and girls ashore. Instead of coming in a sleigh with reindeer and merry bells, he comes in a precarious-looking boat, fully armed and convoyed, with the boom of musketry and the loud blowing of horns. The blowing of horns is a universal custom with the boys of all countries and colors and with the bluejackets too.

On Christmas day Santy is the highest ranking officer of the fleet, and all flags are junior to his fur tree hoisted to the masthead. With his flag lieutenant, his aide and the rest of the staff, he cruises about among the ships distributing the gifts with which his argosy is laden. His method of doing this is fraught with as much red tape as was ever the greetings of the old admiral of the Dutch fleet in the time of Queen Bees. All the paraphernalia symbolical of austere rank and bounty that can be gotten together are used as adornments and no end of work is expended on the rig of the boat to be used, which is sometimes the wherry and sometimes the punt.

In order to hold to the traditional custom used in the time of Paul Jones and down through the years, the boat is rigged like a brig, that is, with two masts and yard arms crossing, with jib and staysail and spanker out astern. On the fore and after quarters they arrange large wooden tubes, in which are inserted small arms. These "spiggoty guns" com-



EXCHANGING CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BY FLAG SIGNALING



CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE U.S. NAVY



PLAY TIME ON BOARD



BLUE JACKETS WRITING CHRISTMAS LETTERS

pose the saluting battery and heavy main battery also, and are manned and fired by the boatswain of "Der Prosit," who is a ponderous man in his official garb and daring in the way he approaches the ships, whose crews through the sides and answer the salute with a revolver shot from the poop.

The saluting takes place before "Der Prosit" is within hailing distance, and all hands have a laugh at the tiny sounds, strongly contrasted in their minds with the salute of the big guns which they are accustomed to hear. Next the boatswain gets up in the bows and resting one hand almost on top of the foremast and lifting a megaphone as long as himself to his lips, calls out at the top of his voice, "Ship, ahoy!" The quartermaster answers from the bridge, "Hello, hello! Der Prosit!" "Aye, aye," the boatswain returns. "Come alongside," calls the quartermaster. Then the admiral of "Der Prosit" rises in the stern, some ten feet aft of the boatswain in the bow, his head on a level with the topmast, and bawls out through his megaphone, "All hands furr-l sail!" With that the crew, consisting of one man, who also acts in the capacity of foghorn, gets amidstships and climbs the mainmast, which ways to and fro as if about to capsize the entire craft, and pulls down all the sails. "The vessel is standing to," he then calls out to the boatswain, who reports to the admiral over the crew's head, who in turn reports to Santa Claus, sitting in the stern sheets at the tiller. All these orders are given and carried out in the most solemn manner, to the merriment of the ship's crew looking on from the rail above.

The crew of "Der Prosit" then gets out oars and pulls alongside while on deck the real boatswain's mate pipes eight side boys to stand at the head of the gangway and salute the admiral and Santa Claus when they come aboard. The president of the United States only rates six side boys when he comes aboard, while Santy has his eight, besides his eight petty officers while the president's are only good-looking apprentice boys. As the argosy draws alongside the boatswain pipes the long, low tune and three short blasts characteristic of the coming aboard of great men.

No less a person than the captain of the ship meets the admiral of "Der Prosit," his wife, Santy, laden with a huge basket full of presents, the boatswain and the crew, while the bugler sounds three portentous ruffles and the ship's company, assembled aft, stands at attention. Indeed the officers are all present, for they believe in Santy as well as do the crew. When the admiral's wife, some fair faced sailor with Manila rope hair and a tawdry skirt, swings aboard holding her train high and exposing a generous view of red stocking to the eyes of the sailors, a great laugh is evoked and a shout goes up, "higher, higher," or "Oh, you Kiddo!"

The boatswain in command of the crew shouts to his one man for, "Attention!" then puts him through a series of gymnastics of a peculiar and intensely funny character. The admiral, as if not thoroughly taking in the landscape, lifts a huge

pair of binoculars in the form of two quart wine bottles lashed together, to his eyes and makes a pretense of getting his bearings by scrutinizing the sailors about him. Presently he reports to Santy, who has deposited his basket of presents on the quarter deck, "Sir, I see we are now in the Cannibal Isles."

Santy begins then to pick up presents and read the names aloud, giving them to the crew of "Der Prosit" and the admiral's wife, and even to the admiral himself, who distributes them accordingly, cutting many ridiculous capers.

The presents are of a type, that bring laughter. They are gotten up and made by the friends of those to whom they are sent, with an idea towards characterizing the ambition, the whim or the standing jokes that mark the receiver. If the captain is a four striper he will probably get an admiral's star, unless he has some other whim by which he is more properly known. When he is presented with this he can only blush in the presence of everybody, and take his dose, as Santy is supreme on Christmas day.

But the greatest gift that Santy can bestow falls to the lot of those who, through some misfortune or slip, have come in line for punishment. It is customary for Santy to walk boldly up to the captain and ask him to "whitewash" the books. In the face of everybody and on Christmas day the captain can not very well refuse this request, although some captains have been seen to wince and cough before granting the immeasurable favor. The report book, in which all punishable acts are entered, is swept clean and the culprits are reinstated to first-class standing and enjoy all the privileges held by their more fortunate shipmates who have not fallen before the multiplicity of temptations that daily assail the man-o'-warman.

The event which forms a background for all this merriment is the regular "big feed," as the sailors call it. For the last week this has crept into their conversation. Pie, turkey and plum duff are the three great delicacies to the sailors, and they have more respect for them than for the three graces.

"What kind of a feed is the commissary gonna hand us?" one sailor asks of another. During this time of anticipation excitement runs high and the commissary is a very much respected person. In fact, he is never a retired person, for his billet is a hard one to fill to the satisfaction of every one who eats at the general mess. There is always some old tar or other who imagines himself to be slighted by the quality of his food, and the apprentice boys take from him the habit of complaining with very little reason on their side. Quarrels often result and have to be referred to the "mast," where the first lieutenant (first luff) settles the matter in favor of the commissary, so that the sailor arranges a private settlement with the commissary later on where the first luff has nothing to say about it.

The burden of the repeat falls naturally upon the cooks and mess attendants. It is far from an enjoyable affair with them, although they are an

affable lot. The preparation of the potatoes is the work of a dozen men, since they must be extraordinarily nice.

The "skinners" arrange themselves astride a bench in range of a tub where one man sits and tosses potatoes continually. The tub is kept full by another man who dumps in from a sack carried down from the upper deck. So a cycle is made, the clean peeled potatoes going constantly into another tub, which is dragged into the galley and dumped into a great urn through which water is percolating. These are rinsed around by another mess attendant and dumped into other urns where steam is turned on, while another tub of peeled ones are being brought from the skinners.

When they are done the ship's cook himself, who paces to and fro in the galley all the while, mounts upon the nearest urn with his, and taking a great six-foot masher proceeds to pound them into a white flakey mass fit for a king.

But this is not all he has to do, either. The turkeys are browning in the long ovens and he and his three assistants have continually to open the doors, probe with long forks into the swelling breasts and ascertain when to take them out.

The mess tables are all numbered so that each sailor knows just where to go when he gets down through the hatchway, and he doesn't waste any time getting there on this occasion. It is indeed a singular and lively scene on the gundeck at this period. Every man's plate is heaped to the brim before him and all apply themselves with a daring and disregard for mere stomachs that would make a dyspeptic wince and turn his head. Dozens of tables dangle from hooks between parallel columns of sailors, who seem only restrained from eating each other alive by the filmy, vacillating boards which support the food.

When these ravenous appetites have been slaked and even those who have the dilating powers of an anaconda are put at rest, or in pain, as the case may be, some of the "old shellbacks" will begin to grow reminiscent and tell of the Christmases they have spent in lands where there were no turkeys nor anything else fit for the "big feed."

Says old Pete, the sailmaker's mate: "I mind the time down in Darien, when the steward had nothin' in the storeroom but a ton of crusty hard biscuits full of bugs, so when y' busted 'em with the handle 've yer knife they went whimpy nifty in every direction—under yer plate, behind yer cup, up yer sleeve and around the mess pans. But, mates, that was a Christmas fer yer life! We couldn't eat the buffalo meat, it was that much like bolt rope, so we drunk or coffee and engaged ourselves in bug races down the table. By tryin' all the bugs out we got some speedy ones. And they was speedy. I had one that could trot down that table—trot, mind y'—like it was Maude S herself. The devil of it was the bloody bug wouldn't keep in the course between the plates. She'd break for a hole near the finish. I bet big money on 'er, though, and after loosin' 20 bones by her duckin' out of it when she was two whole plate lengths ahead, mind y'. I figured I could head her off the next time and win anyhow, so I put up 50 bones—50 good cold plunkers on that skinny little runt of a bug, and strike me blind! you ought a seen that race! Go! That cussed little bug slid down that mess table like it was on ball bearings. I headed 'er off at the hole with a piece of tack and she run clean again the bottom board of the table an' butted 'er brains out, kicked over on 'er back stone dead. But that race! Whew! I raked in the coin from the captain of the hold Christmas! Well, strike me, fellers! That was some Christmas even if we didn't have any eats."

His Busy Night

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins



CHRISTMAS Eve was always a busy night for Mr. Thomas Patterson. He had invariably done the biggest business of the year at that time, except for three successive Christmases spent under the conservative regime of the penitentiary.

Mr. Patterson was frankly, and on the whole successfully, a burglar. He did not take from the poor; he had never found that worth while. His victims were always those who could afford to lose—and to have. It cannot be claimed that he belonged to the chivalric type that abandons loot in order to save the baby, or touched by feminine gentleness, returns gems by mail the next day. Nor was he the burly ruffian for whom the timid look nightly under the bed. A little black grease, and he might have passed for a plumber's assistant.

It was not ignorance of the hours kept by the rich that started him out as early as ten o'clock that evening. Tom read the society columns to good purpose; he knew that if the Kittidges were giving a Christmas Eve ball, among those present would assuredly be Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Whitmore and their daughter, Miss Evangeline Whitmore, who would probably be charming in rose chiffon and pearls. This meant that the Whitmore house would be empty of the Whitmores that evening. A careful inquiry into the ways of the Whitmore servants suggested that most of them would be off the moment the carriage had left the door. It looked such a pleasant opening that Tom decided not to take a confederate with him, but softly let himself in by a window in a shadowed angle, selected earlier in the day.

He found himself in a dining-room, dark except for the light in the hall beyond. Riches glimmered dimly on the sideboard, but Tom seldom bothered with plate. Crossing the room with the noiseless agility of a cat, he paused by the door.

The silence was absolute; not even the ticking of a clock could be heard. After three minutes his head drew back with somewhat the movement of a turtle's, his jaws came together, and he deliberately scuffed one foot along the polished floor, producing a dull, indefinite sound that might mean anything. Again the tense listening; then, with a businesslike quietness wholly free from slinking, he crossed the hall and went swiftly up the great, dim stairs.

The Whitmore Christmas presents, still lurking in drawers and desks, offered an unusual wide selection, and Tom browsed peacefully among them for half an hour. Then, adding to his pocket collection Miss Evangeline's jewel case and two hundred dollars from Mr. Whitmore's desk, he slipped down the stairs again and made the mistake of pausing in the dimly lighted drawing-room to see if he had overlooked anything important.

It was just the faintest little mouse-like click, but it meant a latch-key in the front door, not twenty feet away, and Tom had to act on the instant. The only refuge was a heavy plush curtain suggesting a concealed door, and he darted behind its folds. The door was locked on the other side.

The front door had opened now, and any change of position was impossible. Tom blessed his leanness, finding that by standing straight in the narrow space he made no perceptible bulge in the plush. With his pocket knife he deftly slit a peephole in time to see a young woman come with quick, cautious steps into the room. Obviously this was Miss Evangeline.

She was panting a little, her hands pressed nervously together, her teeth working at the lower lip. She began to pace up and down, very softly, with tense excitement in every line. Suddenly she paused, listening, her eyes directed straight at the plush hanging. Tom, nervous for a feminine shriek, poised himself in readiness to set out at the first note; but she turned and went swiftly to the front door. An instant later she came back with a young man.

"Well?" said the newcomer quickly. She drew away from the arm he had put about her.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" She said imploring hands on his arm.

"But do you think father is tyrannical? That it's silly to wait three years, when we're sure now? That we have a right to do it, if we're willing to be poor and—and all that?"

"I can't tell what I think. I want

you so much that I don't trust my own judgment. It has seemed to me that he was—unfair. I could be bolder if only I didn't realize how utterly unworthy—"

"Don't!"

She ran to him, and he took her into his arms.

"Now I will run and get on another dress; you wait here," she said. "And, dear, I am going to bring my jewels. They are truly mine, and if we are too poor—"

"I hate to have you take them," he protested.

Tom also hated to have her take them. The case was at that moment in his right-hand pocket, together with several other trifles from her dressing table.

"I'll be back in five minutes," she was saying, drawing away reluctant hands.

When she had gone as far as the door, Tom took charge of the situation. He threw back the curtain, lifting a cautioning hand at her faint scream.

"If you want to keep this quiet from the servants, no row, please," he said with dignity. "I'm sorry, young fellow, but I'm a detective employed by the lady's papa to stop this very thing—see? I have to do my duty."

The young man stared helplessly. Miss Evangeline clutching at his coat.

"But—but—" he stammered.

"You see, the old gentleman got wind of it and asked me to step around," Tom explained. "He don't want any fuss."

The young man's color had changed from dismayed white to angry red.

"I will not," he said clearly. "If he does that sort of thing—"

"Exactly," echoed Evangeline proudly. "We will wait till my father comes home, and have it out with him. Detective, indeed!"

They sat down on the couch and glared at Tom. It made him uneasy.

"Look here," he began confidentially, "you seem like a pretty nice young couple, and I ain't one to spoil sport. If you want to skin out just as you are now, inside of sixty seconds, I don't know but I might—look the other way, see?"

"We don't wish anything of the kind," said Miss Evangeline haughtily.

The young man merely stared; he was evidently preparing speeches for her father. Tom edged toward the door.

"Well, I dunno as I need to wait, then. Family rows is for the family only, I say. I done my job, and—"

"Hold up!" commanded the young man. "I wish you to stay. Here!"

Three swift steps had taken Tom to the front door. He clutched it open—and nearly landed in the arms of Miss Evangeline's mother and father. Their portly presence left no loophole.

"Thought I'd save you finding your key, sir," he said. "I done my job—but the young folks is pretty mad."

"When it comes to shadowing us with a detective, sir," the young man began imposingly; then temper overthrew dictation. "I'm hanged if I'll stand for it!" he burst out.

"Detective? Are you crazy?" he exclaimed.

Tom fell back a step toward the dining-room. "Oh, if you want to go back on me, sir, I ain't nothing to say. But I stopped this here eavesdropping and I've earned my pay. I'll call for it tomorrow."

He achieved another step. Mr. Whitmore seemed short of breath.

"Eloppement? Detective? Good God, Vangy, I never hired a detective in my life. It's some infernal blunder!"

"Well, here he is," said Miss Evangeline coldly. "If you will let us get married, we'll overlook it. Otherwise—"

She drew herself up, and Tom achieved another step. The old gentleman's temper began to show signs of wear.

"Marry any one you please! But for mercy's sake don't say I—"

A scuffle and a crash interrupted. A whirling heap on the floor resolved itself into Tom Patterson on his back, with Miss Evangeline's lover kneeling on his chest, a hand at his throat.

"Sorry to make a row!" apologized the young man breathlessly, "but I caught on just in time. He's a sneak thief!"

"You seem to be a—fairly up-and-coming young fellow," stammered Mr. Whitmore.

"Look a here, Mr. Whitmore," broke in Tom peaceably, "you don't want all this in the papers."

"All what, you scoundrel?"

"Eloppement in the Four Hundred—Miss Evangeline Whitmore, daughter of—see? Now you got the swag, you got the girl; what more d'you want? Outside a police court, I ain't likely to talk. You think about it."

His captors did think about it, with dismayed faces. The two women on the stairs exchanged horrified glances. Mr. Whitmore pinched his chin, scowled, sighed, then nodded heavily. Slowly and reluctantly, the last pocket emptied, the young man arose from Tom's chest.

Two minutes later Mr. Thomas Patterson, hurrying through the dark, smiled to himself as he inserted careful fingers into a remote crevasse of his structure, where the contribution from Mr. Whitmore's desk still lurked in a compact wad.

"They didn't know I had that," he reflected, "but I guess I'll keep it for hush money. Two hundred dollars is more'n that young dude earns in an evening, anyhow!"

(Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Co.)

HER MILLION WAS KEPT BUSY

Earnings in Ten Years Nearly Half the Principal

INCREASE OF BIG BEQUEST

Money Left Elkins' Heiress Remains as Nest-Egg After Producing Fortune—Young Woman Rich from An Accumulating Income.

Norristown.—When she was only 11 years old a bequest of \$1,000,000 was left to Marie Louise Elkins de Guigne, his granddaughter, by William L. Elkins, of Cheltenham, who was prominent in financial circles of Philadelphia previous to his death on November 7, 1903.

The will provided that the trustees of the million should pay for her education, maintenance and support such amount of the revenue of the million as they deemed she required.

When she attained majority, 21 years of age, she was to receive the balance of the accumulated income from the million.

She became 21 years of age last August, and recently Judge William F. Solly filed an adjudication of the account, as presented by the trustees, George W. Elkins, John G. Johnson and Sidney F. Tyler.

Judge Solly finds that the accumulated income during the past 10 years, or since the trust became operative, was \$496,819.63, and that the trustees expended in behalf of this young woman, who has shone in high society, \$142,172.96, leaving a balance of accumulated income due her of \$354,646.67.

The original million dollars is awarded back to the trustees, to be held in trust for the benefit of the former Miss Elkins, whose married name is now de Guigne, during her life, and at her death the revenue is to be enjoyed by her children.

Father Saves Daughter.

Bethlehem.—While playing around the yard of her aunt, Mrs. James Miriam Landis, daughter of Morris Landis, owner of the Palace Cafe, fell down a 45-foot sink hole. The father of the girl saw his daughter disappear, and while his wife ran for a rope he climbed down the stony side of the opening in the ground. He reached the bottom just in time to grasp the sinking child, and held on until a rope was lowered.

No Guilt in Fatal Error.

Reading.—Joseph K. Light was tried in Criminal Court on the charge of manslaughter and acquitted. He was the telegraph operator and night station agent in charge of the Reading railway junction at Sinking Spring, where, on the evening of July 20, he is alleged to have become confused in dispatching and caused a wreck in which William Noble, conductor, was killed.

Fire and Poison in Prank.

York.—For a Halloween revel, which it is alleged masked a spite against his neighbor, Cedar Elhart, a well-known farmer of Mt. Zion, York county, was arrested. Fred C. Frey, owning an adjoining farm, alleges that Elhart set fire and burned about 400 standing shocks of fodder and spread Paris green over the remainder, to kill Frey's live stock.

Horse Killed; Driver Helpless.

Chester.—His horses becoming blinded by the glare of an approaching trolley car near Folsom, William E. Headley, a local expressman, was struck, thrown out of the wagon and rendered unconscious. One of the horses was killed outright and the other severely injured.

Bank Follows Coal Failure.

Marianna.—The Farmers' and Miners' Bank here was closed and Bank Examiner James W. McBurney took charge. It is a State institution with a capital of \$50,000, deposits of about \$100,000 and reserve of \$5,000. It is identified with the defunct Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company.

Indicted as Bribe-Takers.

Reading.—True bills were found by the Grand Jury in the bribery and conspiracy cases against City Clerk Ramsey and former Councilmen Cummings, Lewis and Fleming, accused of accepting bribes in connection with awards of contracts for fire apparatus.

Contract Job for 18 Months.

Bethlehem.—Catasauqua mechanics will work 18 months on a New York contract awarded the Davies & Thomas Company for \$400,000 to make tunnel castings.

Adds \$300,000 to Payroll.

Reading.—The committee of the Order of Railway Conductors and Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen met with the Reading Railway officials here. The object of the conference was to discuss the new schedule of wages as agreed upon by the Board of Arbitrators.

It is probable, it was stated after the meeting, that the men will receive the amounts due them through the increase some time in January. On the Reading system it will amount to \$300,000.

HOPE TO RAISE LARGE SUM

Millions of Red Cross Christmas Seals to Be Sold for Anti-Tuberculosis Work.

Few people have any idea of the magnitude of the Red Cross Christmas seal campaign. This year over 100,000,000 seals have been printed and distributed. If placed end-to-end these seals would extend nearly 2,400 miles, or practically from New York to Salt Lake City. They have been sent to over 25,000 different agents and will be sold and handled by an army of not less than 100,000 volunteers, including men, women and children. Millions of advertising circulars have been scattered throughout the country, and so thoroughly has the advertising campaign been organized that it is doubtful if many people in the more populous states of the country will not have heard of the Red Cross seal and its mission in the prevention of tuberculosis. It is hoped that at least 50,000,000 seals may be sold this year. The principle upon which the sale of seals is based is that every cent except what little is needed to cover the actual cost of printing and handling shall be spent for tuberculosis work in the community where the seals are sold.

BAD TETTER ON HANDS

R. F. D. No. 1, Critz, Va.—"I had tetter on my hands so badly that I could hardly do anything. It would begin to come in clear white blisters, then they would burst and peel off all over and crack and bleed. My hands were so sore and itched so badly I could not rest day or night. I could not put them in water nor do my regular work."

"I tried medicine and several different kinds of cream on them but they got worse instead of better. Nothing did me any good until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. And now my hands are perfectly well and all right." (Signed) Miss Ellen Tudor, Nov. 19, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The Way of It.

"That jockey beat the record." "Did he do it with a whip?"—Baltimore American.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Social Engagement Line.

A sweet young thing called to have a telephone installed in her residence. "Independent or party line?" asked the manager.

"We have a great many social obligations," simpered the sweet young thing, "so I think you can make it a party line, even if it does cost a little more."—Judge.

One of the Seven.

"Will you tell me why your servant has three alarm clocks on the table by his bed? Is he as sleepy as all that?"

"All that and then some. You see, he sets one clock for five o'clock, another for six o'clock, and the third for seven o'clock. At eight o'clock I get up and drag him out of bed myself."—New York Evening Post.

Cows and Grass.

Two Washington youngsters were visiting their father's country place in Virginia, when one of them observed: "Marie, I don't see how cows can eat grass. Do you?"

Marie gave the question appropriate consideration, and then replied: "I suppose it's like this: When the cows are young the mother cow keeps saying to her children: 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

This Indestructible Vacuum Clothes Washer Should Be in Every Home



THE OLD WAY
Hours of back-breaking, chapped hands a certainty. Clothes worn out on the rubbing-board. Odor throughout house.

Saves Labor;
Saves the Clothes;
No Boiling;
No Destructive Wash Board



THE NEW WAY
Four minutes to every tubful of clothes without injuring a thread. No chapped hands. No bending over and no odor.

THE FELDMAN PUBLICITY CO., Inc. Suite 703, Fitzgerald Building, NEW YORK CITY

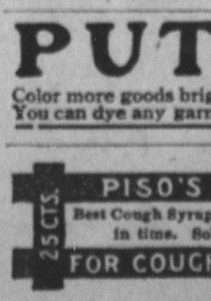
"IS YOUR BABY CONSTIPATED?"

Baby's bowels must be regulated properly and by a medicine that is safe.

Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup

Has proved itself—mothers know it and babies like it. Used in 100,000 American homes. Prevents Cholera Infantum. Best for bowel complaints. Cures Colic in ten minutes. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.

Made only by DR. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md.



PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, calendar, blotters, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.



Nearly all men are too busy even to think for themselves. Thinking is hard work.

They stop the tickle—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs by stopping the cause—5c at Drug Stores.

A man with a beard may use it as a barometer. Beards are harder and curlier as wet weather approaches.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 30c a bottle.

There is plenty of room at the top without pushing anybody off.

Stop That Cough
with the old reliable, most agreeable and effective remedy

Hale's Honey
of Horsehound and Tar

Soothes and heals sore throat, hoarseness, dryness and all irritation. Sold by druggists.

Try Pike's Toothache Drops

How to get the most money out of your furs

Your Furry Fur List is ready. Have you sent for it yet? If not, turn this page till you see it. It will tell you how to get the most money out of your furs. For the greatest will mention you and give you the money. For the greatest will mention you and give you the money. For the greatest will mention you and give you the money.

Better Returns and Sooner

For 15 years Corry has been producing the finest And most reliable fur goods in the world. They are made by the best furriers in the world. They are made by the best furriers in the world. They are made by the best furriers in the world.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES
Men's \$2.00 to \$5.00
Women's \$1.50 to \$4.00
Children's \$1.00 to \$2.50

W.L. Douglas shoes are famous everywhere. Why not give them a try? The value you will receive for your money will amaze you.

If you would visit our factory, the largest shoe factory in the world, you would see how carefully we make our shoes. We use the best materials and the best workmen. We use the best materials and the best workmen.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

BELLEFONTE'S
BRIGHTEST
CHRISTMAS
STORE

Filled to Overflow with Literally Hundreds of Gifts, all less than Regular Prices. We Carry no Holiday Merchandise over.

Our Wholesale House Entire Surplus Stock of Men's Clothing

To be sacrificed at one-third to one-half less than our regular prices.

This means that you can save almost two-thirds of the usual cost of equally good clothing.

Owing to the unfavorable weather conditions the retail clothing business throughout the county is in anything but a normal state. Many of our wholesale customers have therefore been unable to take the overcoats and suits and other winter garments which have been made up and were being held at our factory at No. 44 West 4th St., New York, subject to their orders. Consequently our factory has turned all this clothing over to us for quick disposal, and today we will start the sale of it at prices which would be considered remarkably low even at the end of February. Never in the history of the clothing business were such values as these offered so early in the season. The man who takes advantage of them will positively make one of the best paying investments that ever came his way.

In considering this opportunity don't lose sight of one very important fact—the fact that our regular prices are undeniably 25 per cent. or more below the regular prices of any other store in the town. This fact admits of no question because you buy directly of the makers, when you buy of us, and you always save the middlemen's profit. The prices we've made for this sale are, as we have stated above, one-third to one-half less than we regularly charge

for such clothing, so you actually can get this clothing at close to 33 1-3 cents on the dollar, taking other stores regular prices as a basis of calculation.

And here is another fact to bear in mind, no clothing sold anywhere is any better than ours, very little is as good. You get top notch quality, plus the best style, plus guaranteed satisfaction—and you get all this for less money than such excellent clothing ever cost anywhere at this time of the year. The money you can save on this clothing will go a long way towards helping you on your Christmas gift expenditures.

MEN'S TROUSER'S

\$1.50 and \$2.00 Trousers	\$1.00
2.50 and 3.00 Trousers	1.95
3.50 and 4.00 Trousers	2.75

OVERCOATS

\$8.00 and \$10.00 OVERCOATS at	\$6.00
\$12.00 and \$15.00 OVERCOATS at	\$8.50
\$19.00 and \$18.00 OVERCOATS at	\$11.00

SUITS

\$7.50 and \$10.00 SUITS at	\$5.75
\$12.50 and \$15.00 SUITS at	\$8.00
\$12.50 and 18.00 SUITS at	\$10.00

SALE OF WOMEN'S SAMPLE COATS

We have about one hundred and fifty Coats which we closed out from our prominent manufacturer. The materials are those most in demand, and soft to the touch and warm, the coats are made in the seasons best selling style. The saving average about 1-3 per cent.

\$10 Coats at . . . \$ 6.50	\$18 Coats at . . . \$ 12.00
12 Coats at 8.00	25 Coats at 16.50
15 Coats at 10.00	30 Coats at 20.00

A Fur Sale Without a Peer or View or Even an Equal

We have been very critical in our selection, admitting nothing that did not measure up to our high ideals of thorough worth and every article is backed by a trustworthy guarantee.

RED FOX SETS ARE VERY FASHIONABLE

\$27.50 Values at	\$19.98
22.50 Values at	16.50

\$ 3.00 Coney Muffs	\$ 1.98
4.00 and 5.00 Black Coney Muffs	2.98
10.00 Marmot Muffs	7.50
15.00 Australian Lynx Sets	10.50
20.00 Marmot Set	13.50
35.00 Jap Mink Set	22.50

PRICES HALVED ON

MISSES' and small women's DRESSES

Double value for every dollar you spend. No wonder our ladies' ready-to-wear department is such a busy spot. The time is surely ripe for just such a sale, afternoon, street, party, and dancing frocks.

The collection comprises the season's loveliest styles in crepe meters, canton crepe, crinkled crepe, charmeuse and crepe de chine, as well as those beautiful plain combination silk dress.

\$ 7.50 Dresses at . . .	\$3.75
10.00 Dresses at . . .	5.00
12.50 Dresses at . . .	6.25
15.00 Dresses at . . .	6.50

None Charged. Alterations at Cost.

Waists That Make Very Dainty Gifts

Fine assortment of new styles, nicely made from sheer lawn, batiste lace chiffons and silks.

following are two special lots in crisp white voile.

\$3.00 Waists at - - -	\$2.95
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The panels, cuffs and long shoulder yoke are beautifully embroidered and bordered by lace. Have small crochet buttons and plaited frills at the neck.

CHILL WINDS BRING THOUGHTS OF COMFORTABLE WINTER UNDERWEAR

The cold snap has at last arrived, but our stock of warm winter underwear, here in readiness to meet every possible requirement months ago. Men, women and children will find here an unsurpassed variety of styles and weight at the lowest possible price.

FOR MEN	FOR WOMEN
High Rock Heavy Fleece Underwear, each at .48	Heavy Quality Ribbed Underwear, each at .25
Lambsdown Fleece Wool Underwear, each at .79	Setsnug Underwear in White, each at .48
Natural Wool Underwear in Grey and Tan, each .98	Union Suits in all sizes, each .48, .98

LADIES' & MISSES CLOTH SKIRTS--the \$5 ONES at 3.98

Walking skirts of lustrous black cheviot, plain gored and with girde top, also slightly draped skirts of hand twisted serge, striped eponge poplin and Scotch plaids in black and blue, all button trimmed, all sizes, 22 waist to 36 waist, length 36 to 44 inches.

MEN'S GIFT NECKWARE 25c to 48c

A wide range of elegantly wrought fabrics in the newest and most exquisite designs of foreign and American make, from which you can be sure of finding exactly what you require as the recipient will like and at the price you prefer to pay.

At 48c, plain and fancy silk neckwear and knitted silk 4" hand. At 25c, a most magnificent display of silk baratha and poplin.

WHY NOT GIVE A HAT

Stylish New Brown Soft
HATS

\$1.90

Value \$2.50

FUR CAPS

\$2.00 Coney Detroit Shape	1.39
3.00 Coney Fur Caps Detroit Shape	1.95
\$1.00 Dress Caps	69c
.75 Dress Caps	55c
.50 Dress Caps	39c

UMBRELLAS ARE SPLENDID GIFTS

They're guaranteed for one year Men's and Women's of fine america and union taffeta with silk taped edge. Wide variety of plain and carved mission, natural wood and fancy handles, complete with silk and tassel.

\$5 ONES FOR 3.50

BELLEFONTE, PA.

CLASTER'S

BELLEFONTE, PA.